War Time Modes

VOGUE

Autumn Patterns

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THE EARLY MODELS FROM THE PARIS OPENINGS ARE PRESENTED IN THIS ISSUE

WITH the enemy thirty miles from Paris, with long range guns booming and shells bursting, with shattered window panes and streets littered with débris, the great dressmaking establishments of Paris held their Winter Fashions Openings in August, according to their immemorial custom. As this number of Vogue goes to press the war news continues to thrill and cheer even the most apathetic pessimists, but in those July days, "the blackest days the war has seen," not even the patriotic brain of a little French midinette would have imagined that, at the end of August, on that wavy black line between Ypres and Rheims an arrow would appear, pointing northwest, with a label saying, "482 miles to Berlin."

As far back as last spring a rumour was current in the dressmaking world that Paris dressmakers were demoralized by the nearness of the German Army to Paris and would not hold their openings in August. Vogue personally investigated this rumour and received categorical denials of its truth from the leading French dressmakers. Their letters, announcing that they would "carry on" *quand même,* were published in two full pages in our July 1 issue. And now these brave artists have proved that the German has no more terror for them than for their sturdy little *poilus,* and every one is rejoicing that they have reaped a reward to justify their courage.

"Quand Même"

Every dressmaking establishment in Paris held its openings as usual and on schedule time; these August openings models are shown on pages 51 to 56 of this issue. Even better: not since the war began have they produced so many good models as they have just now, models that were conceived and stitched to the accompaniment of the boom of Big Bertha. There is now every reason to hope, as the grey green tide of the enemy recedes farther and farther from Paris, that the new spirit of hope and joy which is breaking over the city will inspire more beautiful, more original designs of which we shall reap the benefits a little later in the season. As the dressmakers and their workers return from Biarritz and Aix-les-Bains, where they have been creating and exhibiting new models during the summer, they will come back with new courage and will doubtless create many post-opening models, so that in October we should have newer and even better styles than were shown at the openings. Every Paris fashion article now should be more and more interesting as Paris recovers its gaiety and life. For the Parisienne herself will want new clothes for victory—a victory that is not far distant, we hope,—and what those new clothes will be no mind can conceive.

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Cover Design by Helen Dryden

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for

Late October, 1918

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THE HON. MRS. LIONEL GUEST

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest is the wife of the fourth son of the first Baron Wimborne. She has been a most active and interested worker from the earliest days of the war, and is the author of several books on food reform in war time. She is the owner of large farms in Canada, and has a thorough knowledge of food production from seed to loaf. She is the mother of Mrs. Walter T. Rosen and of Major John Bigelow Dodge, of the 63rd Machine Gun Battalion, English Army

PREMET

Mme. Renée, première at Premet's, so fancied this gown of her own creation that she wore it herself at the opening. It outlines a typical new silhouette — baggy Russian blouse belted across the hips, tunic to the knees, skirt just a little below that, and from there on, just graceful Mme. Renée herself. It is of a new material which is to be a triumph—black satin with an all-over embroidery of steel beads; it is fastened with steel buttons, girdled with a steel bead cord, and is called "Après l'Ondée"

PREMET

Three models from Premet—all very new and odd in appearance, all as short as only a reed of a Parisienne could wear them, all of them "best sellers" at the remarkable opening of this house, which had one of the finest collections in Paris. "Brindisi" (right), which many Americans will wear this season (lengthened to the ankles, however), is of red velvet embroidered in soft grey angora wool

(Left) A variation of the new silhouette and the new material is "Bénévole." In cut it is much the same as the frock at the left. It is of brick coloured étamine spattered with gold beads and barbarically fringed with monkey fur. The sleeves are finished with a dainty Puritan white organdie cuff

PREMET

PARIS OPENINGS ARE KEYED TO VICTORY

The Couturiers Who Prepared Their Opening Models in the "Black Days" of July, Exhibited Costumes Worthy of the Conquering Tide Which Turned Toward Hope and Victory in August

FOUR years ago when the war broke out and every little unit of industry, like every unit of private life, had its own little revolution, one of the most seething of all took place in the dressmaking world, for there Paris had been supreme, and it seemed unthinkable that Paris, with a world war on her hands, should go on making and thinking clothes. But that is all that genius wants—a chance to show that it can do the incredible, and every woman who wears French gowns knows that there has not been a moment since the war started when she could not step into a shop and have her choice of a large selection of original French models. No later than last May there were still unbelievers who went about saying, "Well, this autumn, at any rate, there will be no French fashions. How is it possible with the Boche only forty miles from Paris and Big Bertha smashing windows and killing people every day? Certainly there will be no August Openings." But there were, and here, on these six pages, are the new models—something new from almost every house in Paris. These are the advance models from the earlier openings. A fuller representation, including Chéruit and Callot, with many supplementary models from the other houses, will be shown in the next issue; but these designs will give a very fair idea of the winter silhouette and the new details in cut and trimming which are now seen in Paris. The sketches illustrate their originality.

PREMET

At Premet's the panes of glass broken by a bomb had hardly been put back in their sashes when we arrived to see Madame Renée's collection. She sponsors a very new line and uses some embroideries that are unusual, done on heavy woollen material and then pressed flat, giving an effect of striped material. Fringed braids, embroidered, are very decorative trimmings, as amusing as the pompoms on Andalusian mules. Wool and silk tricot embroidered in angora is a favourite trimming with Premet, as it is with many of the other couturiers. This will be one of the most popular trimmings this season, but it seems to me that mat coloured beads on jersey cloth, on "rayon d'or" satin, and on Georgette crêpe is more chic. Some Premet skirts that have rather pulled-back draperies give one a vague impression that we are going to have bustles again.

Very long fringes play an important part in the creations of Madame Renée. There is nothing more charming in feminine dress than those long, supple strands of silk, undulating with every step, and as graceful when they are still as when they are moving. Madame Renée has not adopted high collars for her dresses, being a great coquette herself and knowing how much pleasure a woman takes in wearing a dress which is open in the neck. But on her coats she uses very big high fur collars; the sleeves are, as a rule, rather long and rather wide at the bottom, but the shoulders are still very long and drooping, without seams. As for embroideries, this house has real novelties. Some of them are a sort of passementerie of heavy braid which is arranged in separate motifs, allowing its silk edges, which are cut very short, to fall over, thus forming fringes. On the dress called "Brindisi" the embroidery is very attractive. The dress is of red velvet embroidered with grey angora and fastened with silver-embroidered velvet buttons.

Little silk buttons, called Milanese buttons, arranged in groups, are seen in all colours on

JENNY

Nénette, that woolly mascot who, with Rintintin, protects the Parisienne from bombs, has appropriately lent her name to this brown wool costume with collar and cuffs and overskirt lining of white angora, the French substitute for fur. White wool and gold beads are strung together to make the girdle—altogether a most unusual garment, illustrating many of Jenny's odd ingenuities

many of the dresses. Another pretty and original effect which has not been used until this year is a costume of silk jersey embroidered in camel's hair on the sides or the bottom of the skirt. Materials studded with steel beads are still another success of Madame Renée. Two models in this charming new material, which, being rather heavily weighted with its all-over metal embroidery, clings gracefully to the figure, are shown on page 51. "L'Ursine," the pretty Rodier material, is shown in a very successful Premet model in a coat with an enormous double collar of camel's hair.

JENNY

Jenny's opening was crowded. Some of her creations gave the impression of being just alike at front and back, and this, with the present uncorseted silhouette, gives an entirely new line. Jenny's models show very short skirts, longer waists than last season, many short sleeves, and high collars. In addition, she uses charming details, such as tulle below the edge of wool skirts, giving the impression that the whole skirt is covered with tulle.

Many long jackets and coats are made of buracotta and are not lined, so that the skirt of the coat flies more easily and shows the very narrow skirt. Madame Jenny uses a great deal of heavy Rodier wool, called *levreau*, in all the natural colours, and this wool makes an extraordinary contrast on silk dresses. Fichus are used on many dinner dresses, and a number of black satin dresses are made with white Georgette crêpe or chiffon aprons. Many of the blouses are long and some are draped around the hips and tied at one side. Many of them are very long, with tunics which are almost as long as the underskirt, and are cut just alike back and front, except for a vest in front. Very high collars which are worn doubled over about the throat have never been more in vogue; they are sometimes turned up to the eyes, and sometimes worn turned back on the shoulders like a cape.

Jenny shows an infinite variety of aprons; they are either of chiffon embroidered like the front of the corsage, which continues in two points around the waist, or else they are made with a fichu to match so as to connect with the waist. Many very youthful evening dresses in tulle or Georgette crêpe are trimmed with fringe called "Golden Fleece" or with silver or monkey fur fringe. Fur pompons are much used and make amusing black spots on light dresses, placed at the ends of a sash, on the points of an immense collar, or on a redingote.

DOUCET

Doucet's opening is among the triumphal refutations of the rumours that the Paris couturiers have found this a "war of attrition." This designer gives to his elegant creations the grace and personality of a charming woman. He has designed some tailleurs with long coats, almost cloaks, which are not blouse and skirt affairs but whole dresses, sometimes elaborate, sometimes rather simple, but always suitable for wearing at a restaurant or for making visits. This idea is one which we have had in many dresses in the last few seasons, but this winter these dresses have been brought to perfection. Georgette crêpe, embroidered, will be used, as well as metal cloth in bright colours, and very often the lower part of these dresses will be trimmed with a band of fur or with some ma-

JENNY

Would any one have dreamed, before this winter of scarcities and substitutes, of dressing up a formal black velvet evening gown with just plain white woolly angora embroidery? Yet here it is, startlingly charming. Another of Jenny's dearest devices is a white Georgette crêpe apron on a black frock. On "Flacon" the white Georgette collar and apron are so solidly embroidered in white angora that the effect is almost that of white fur. Tassels of white angora and white beads finish the embroidery on the apron. A belt of pink ribbon hides under the white apron, and the long ribbon streamers coming from the shoulders and fastened to the skirt are striped down the middle with pink ribbon to match the belt

Below is an example of the dress-and-long-coat tailleur which Paris is enjoying this season. The coat is red as Garibaldi's shirt — hence the name — with collar and quaint ball trimmings of seal. The stitching is in red, and the edging is black braid. Underneath is a black satin frock with those plain short sleeves which Paris so affects despite the demands they make on one's elbows. There is a red band on the underskirt, and a simulated red gilet below the collarless neck—for collarless and cuffless, too, are many of the new Paris dresses

JENNY

terial which imitates fur. An illustration of this is the charming dinner gown sketched at the top on this page. Coats will be cut irregularly at the bottom. Many of them are shorter in the back. Coats are cut in panels with right angled corners, trimmed their full length with fur, with a wide panel in the back and a narrower one in the front.

Angora plays a prominent part here, as elsewhere, and even bands of jet sequins—those sequins which have not been seen for twenty years and which have now come into fashion again—are embroidered with motifs of angora. This angora is differently used according to the ideas of each house. Sometimes it trims a costume of contrasting colour, forming an embroidery of elegant motifs at the bottom of the dress or coat.

Passementerie embroidery, which also has not been used for years, has come into vogue again. This embroidery, on mousseline de soie, makes a heavy trimming which weighs down the bottom of a dress. It is also seen occasionally on coats. Black laces, Chantilly or Venetian, are used by Doucet on many evening dresses, and he also uses chiffon or tulle on the bottom of tunics—the tulle much fuller than the skirt itself, which is tight and clinging beneath its big transparent envelope. Jet, steel, and midnight blue beads are used on tulle or mousseline de soie for evening dresses and are made up into a very new sort of material.

BEER

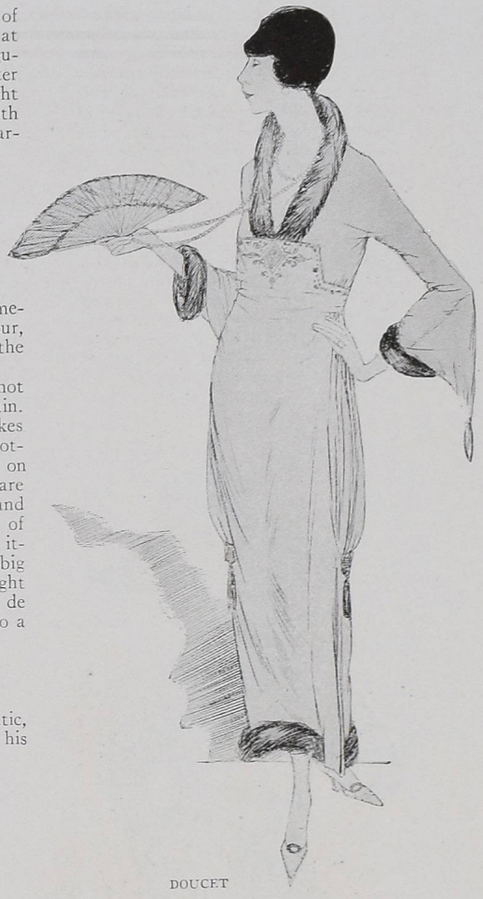
Beer, whose clientèle is essentially aristocratic, has kept to a conservative style in all of his new models for the winter. He does not like eccentricity, but shows magnificent materials, wonderful embroideries, and uses sequins on many of his evening dresses. A very nice and simple detail for tailored or afternoon dresses is made by this designer with fine wool embroidery in several colours on jersey of a contrasting colour. On a rich coat of black silk jersey with an ermine collar, illustrated below, plaques of wool embroidery make a novel contrast.

Beer did not show as many models as usual, but stated that the ones he did show were an advance guard—exhibited for the benefit of some of the buyers who were leaving the city shortly. This house has announced that it has many other models in preparation and that its intention is to add new models to its collection every week or so. In this way we shall be assured of novelties throughout the season. Small as it was, Beer's collection included some of the best models to be found in Paris; most of the costumes keep to the straight narrow silhouette, although the skirts of some of the suits have three or more straight empiecements, giving a tiered effect.

WORTH

Worth, who is always anxious to preserve the beautiful line which he knows so well how to give, has made a series of simple dresses which have a certain very special stamp. These are long redingotes in the style of the Revolution, of black velvet with very plain basques and close draped collars which show just a bit of their light linings. When these redingotes are unfastened, they show dresses of wool velours or

(*Continued on page 56*)



DOUCET

One way of achieving a barrel silhouette is by drapery pulled through a slit on each hip. This gown is of grey Georgette crêpe embroidered in grey and silver and trimmed in sable

DOUCET

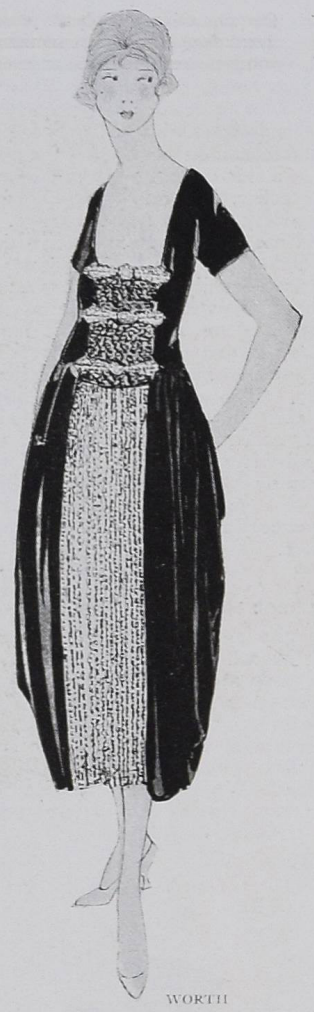
Doucet achieved some of the most typically Parisian effects, as distinguished from those distinctly prepared for an American clientèle, in all Paris. Here a closely wrapped coat of grey velvet, embroidered in grey silk, which is deep in a fur high collared, and called "sorinos"

BEER

A nice detail of Beer's tailoring was wool embroidery on a contrasting fabric. On a wrap of black silk jersey collared in ermine, he embroidered a wholly original girdle of wool plaques

BEER

Beer's collection, though small, included some of the best models in Paris, eschewing all eccentricity and depending on handsome materials and a simple elegance of cut, minus all trimming, for effect. This suit of striped grey velvet was utterly simple all its well-tailored length



WORTH

(Left) Black velvet embroidered in strass and pearls makes "Daphnis," an evening gown quite different from those usually made by this so dignified designer, in that the skirt is quite youthfully short. Strings of black pearls twinkle against silver lamé between soft borders of draped velvet

(Right) For Madame Ida Rubenstein, the great Russian tragedienne, Worth made this interesting black satin evening gown, sashed on one side with satin, embroidered in small steel beads, and posed over an underdress of gold lamé that peeps out at sleeves and narrow skirt hem

WORTH

(Below) That skirts are to be short and then shorter is one of Dœuillet's ten commandments for 1919, here borne out in black and white checks with collar and cuffs of otter, the narrowest of belts, and the adventurous name of "Pierrot"

DŒUILLET

(Below) Grey squirrel was never more popular and collars were never higher than now. Black silk jersey forms this coat, assisted by squirrel in vest, underskirt, and turned-over collar tied with silver cord.

DŒUILLET

Dœuillet isn't the only designer whose heart is all tied up in apron strings, but that Dœuillet is particularly happy in such bondage any one can see from this afternoon dress of smoke grey satin, with its apron of grey tulle embroidered in gold and grey. As to collars, Dœuillet has given his word that they're to be high, and this one begins well, but backslides delightfully behind. This model is called "Cendrillon," and like the other two from Dœuillet it shows a slightly barrel silhouette

DŒUILLET

These French Hats Lead Lives Uncomplicated by Trimming, but They Are Accompanied by Pelts of Varying Attributes That Unite to Make Some of The Most Successful Furs of the Season

HATS IMPORTED BY MARY'S HAT SHOP

FURS FROM CHARVET

(Right) What could be newer than an Evelyn Varon hat in black satin with a soft crown and an upturned uneven brim to which is attached a mysterious and unreasonable and altogether smart fringe of black burnt goose? The furs shown with this hat are equally original. The seal collar swathes its wearer to the tips of her ears, is fastened in front with prim ties of black satin, and develops a deep cape of monkey fur that copies the line of the burnt goose. The round melon muff is also of seal with a matching band of monkey fur at the bottom

Every woman knows that black velvet made the most becoming hat she ever had, but it isn't often that she gets the opportunity to see it handled as cleverly as in this Maria Guy shape, trimmed across the front with jet beads ending in a large jet ornament at each side. The crown has an irrelevant tuck through the middle of it and a rosette of black grosgrain ribbon. The long stole worn with this hat is made of two strands of stone marten banded on either side with natural caracul—a most unexpected and successful partnership

o TOWN *for the* NEW PLAYS

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Fashion

ka wears several lovely of all is the white velvet e is sketched here, which ery and prevailing simplicity or the best things which have this season. A collar of kolinsky ceful line about the neck, and the of additional length is given the by means of a train heavily tipped same warm brown fur. Miss Yurka's es were made by Thurn, and they in- in addition to this very lovely white a blue orchid afternoon frock and a soft rey negligée which are most attractive with r pale skin and fair hair. A very smart rning costume also made by Thurn is worn this play by Evelyn Varden, who has the nd feminine rôle.

STAGE GOWNS OF THE AUTUMN

length of skirt is a feature of many of the autumn. While this of a own, it is eneral e long lignity ion of reting Isabel

In "Allegiance," Blanche Yurka wore a lovely white velvet gown with kolinsky at the neck and on the long train; from Thurn

curve at the waist-line in a becoming way.

These days Fifth Avenue presents an interesting if somewhat motley appearance. It is, perhaps, because the season has not definitely opened and the people are somewhat fewer and further between, that one realizes what a heterogeneous collection of mortals make their way down this avenue every day. On a single block one may meet the hero of a new comedy, dapper, short-trousered, hat a-tilt on his closely cropped head; a busy society matron, perfectly gloved, veiled, and tailored, on her way to her pet charity; a well-known photographer, hatless and bushy haired; a couple of chattering débutantes; a trim English officer; a bare-kneed Anzac; and the cynosure of all eyes —a manikin, tall, glossy-

(*Continued on page 104*)

(Below) One of the most unusual hats of the season is this Alex model which looks like a dark brown felt beehive with a round top. The felt is shirred in around the brim, puffed high, and trimmed, simply and sereneely, with its own audacity. The veil shown with it is in matching brown with a Chinese design of square blocks done in brown cotton thread on an open mesh of brown silk

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Little Lillian Kent, the daughter of Mrs. George Kent, wore a delightful frock of palest pink net and a turned-down pink hat at the wedding of Miss Franklin

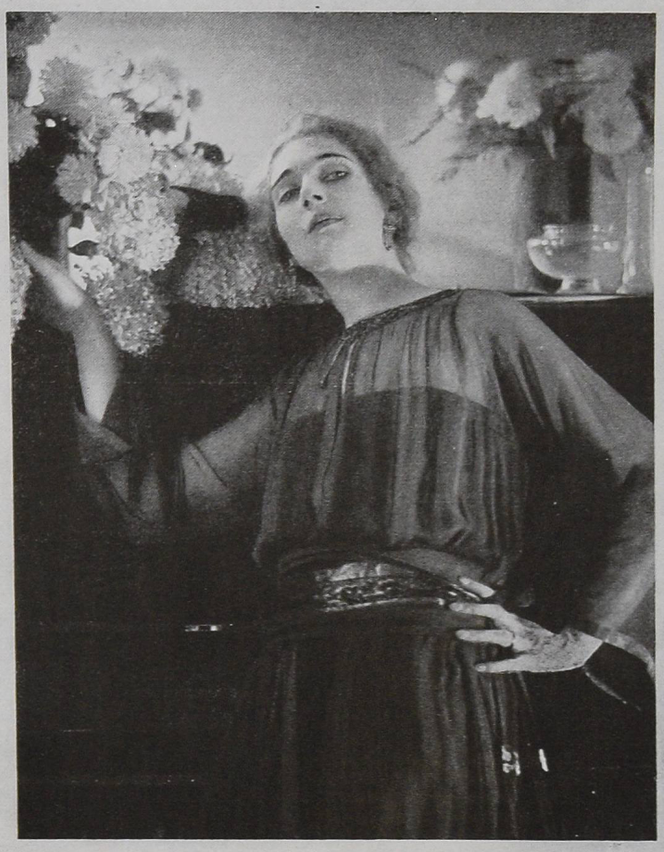
These Charming Informal Dinner Gowns Have Their Own Graceful Way of Stating That There Is No Place Like Home

MODELS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

Baron de Meyer

(Below) Surely everybody would agree that woman's place is in the home, if all women made the home a background for such charming gowns as this. It's of deep chartreuse velvet, all its graceful clinging length, and chartreuse chiffon makes the long filmy sleeves. Like most new gowns it disdains an extravagant use of trimming; in fact, it contents itself with a deep cord fringe which forms a long collar and edges the panel at the back, falling softly over a long train, and a curious jade ornament in Chinese blue and green finishes the velvet girdle

Like gorgeous multi-coloured butterfly wings are the deep draperies that form the picturesque sleeves of this home dinner gown, for they are made of bands of dark rainbow coloured chiffon hemstitched together and ending in a band of navy blue charmeuse faced with petunia colour. The same charmeuse makes the soft becoming gown, and the petunia colour faces the front and back panel and trims the belt and waist. If one is not charmeuse-minded, one may choose velvet instead and have a gown that is no less lovely and effective



Clouds may be restricted to silver linings, but this dinner gown of navy blue satin, dull coloured on the surface, shows under-glintings like a gorgeous Eastern beetle. Cerise satin outlines the neck, edges medallions at front and back done in threads of navy blue, cerise, and gold, and lines the loose drapery over each arm and the long panel train caught under a sash of blue satin

Baron de Meyer

The drizzliest November night may be quickened into spring by just the right frock. Over a simple black satin slip the designer suggests an overblouse of bright red voile that reaches to the knees. Touches of gold and red embroidery are seen at the neck and on the girdle that ties at one side with soft sash ends. The sleeves are long and loose to the wrist and finished with the frankest of selvage edges

One wishes she would turn round and show us the front of her interesting dinner gown in fine matelassé brocade of Chinese blue with facings of deep orange. Orange embroidery with Chinese blue ribbons crocheted into it outlines the jacket-like upper section; the barrel skirt is short in front and runs into an absurd little train; and, though the whole thing is undeniably more intimate than most home dinner gowns elect to be, one envies the intimacy

A tweed suit of heather mixture, well cut and tailored, defies the most strenuous of war activities to take away its chic, trim, and efficient look

Paris itself knows nothing more smartly slender than this velours suit, dignified enough for a formal occasion and simple enough for street wear

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

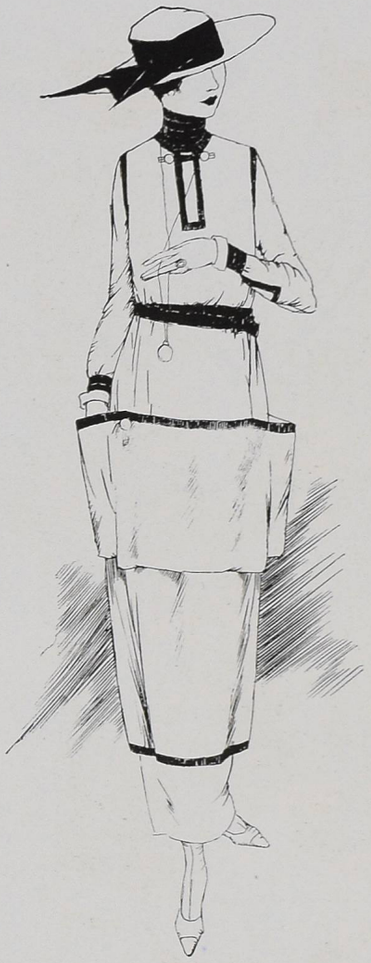
The War-time Problems of the Woman Whose Clothes Are Made to Order, Are Met by the Small Tailors and Dressmakers Who Designed These Practical Suits, Wraps, and Frocks

IN the "made-to-order" world many interesting things are happening, for it is in these rather exclusive shops, entirely set apart and seemingly oblivious to what is taking place in the "ready-to-wear" stores, that the designs from Paris are adapted to the individual. In patronizing these shops one naturally pays more than in the ready-to-wear departments, and yet, when one stops to think, it is an advantage in every way. There are many women living on a war-reduced income who consider it an economy to make their purchases in these shops. Here one gets individual attention, and the expression of one's own feeling for fashion is given due regard. Only the choicest materials are used, and the work is done entirely by experts. It is perhaps in the little things that these specialty shops excel; buttonholes are well and carefully made; seams are tailored so that they will not sag; braids or embroideries remain flat and will not pucker, as they so often do in the ready-to-wear clothes. The sleeves fit, and if a set-in sleeve is used it is noticeably flat; the shape of the gown or suit is not spoiled by dampness or rain, and therefore the expense of half the valet work is saved.

It is the "perfect thirty-six" who can afford to make her purchases from ready-made shops, for she can find clothes that fit. However, the majority of women do not possess figures that enable them to slip into a ready-made dress without having it altered, and these women should patronize the specialty shop. A good reliable tailor is more easily found than an expert dressmaker, but in and out of Fifth Avenue there are enough of each to suit all. The majority of shops make for all shapes and all sizes, but each tailor and dressmaker has a particular skill for large women or small women, and by finding those whose work is particularly suited to her style, a woman may obtain the most satisfactory results.

At the openings, a number of smart tweed suits were shown, and since then tweeds, mixtures, and cheviots are seen everywhere. They follow the usual lines employed for such materials, but there is something very new and striking about the use of fur with these coarse stuffs. An opposum collar, for instance, is lovely with a grey and black mixture bound in black silk braid. This is not as unusual, however, as a brown tweed with a deep shawl collar in stone marten. These tweed suits are made on soft feminine lines, as well as in the strictly tailored styles, but as our aim is practicality in every way, we are illustrating a tweed in its most accepted fashion. This model is sketched at the upper left on this page. It is made up in a pretty heather mixture of dark brown and green, with strange tints of lavender running through its soft woolly surface, and these colours make a fabric of wonderful adaptability. The coat, although on regulation lines, is different from the average suit in two respects. It buttons to a high neck, and double patch pockets at either side give a distinctly new touch. The outer edges of a well-tailored coat are bound with the material, while the skirt, straight and slim, buttons at the front. Dark brown leather buttons are used, and these make a smart trimming. This suit will be made to order with a choice of fine imported materials for $100. This is an exceptionally good value.

Many coats have been made to serve for all occasions, but here is one that is especially —and successfully — designed for that complicated purpose



A capable frock of black satin and duvetyn volunteers its services for war work that has no uniform

Taupe coloured corduroy and velours have met together on a suit that overcomes all the difficulties of finding an unusual costume for the country

Another suit for the slender figure is shown in fine natural coloured velours and is sketched at the upper right on page 62. Straight and slim lines are observed in both coat and skirt, and the lines of the coat are very new. The length is particularly smart. Although it does not appear so, this coat is double-breasted and buttons over closely at one side of the neck. When open, the wide side sections form graceful lapels. The buttons are of velours, and the pockets at either side are finished with bindings of velours. A smart feature in the suit is that no stitching shows. One may choose one's favourite colour, and the tailoring is guaranteed. This suit also is priced at $100.

A COAT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Much has been said about the coat for all occasions, but it is not until this winter that coats have actually been made with this purpose in mind. Many of them take on the lines of a wrap, but in these days of inconveniences in the matter of street cars, 'buses, walking, and everything, in fact, that takes the place of the motor, a wrap that is too flowing and bulky is an inconvenience. In the sketch at the upper left on this page is a beautiful coat in a shade of tête de nègre satin of richest quality, lined with a rich tan wool velours and finished with a deep round collar of stone marten. The coat is trimmed across the front and back with embroidered stitching in dark brown wool. It buttons invisibly down the front for the sake of the evening occasion, as buttons are not considered smart for evening wear. A double sleeve effect is shown in the satin, and this gives added warmth. This is really a charming coat and one that will not be seen every day—an investment in keeping with the times. Without a collar of fur, it will be made to order for $125. The additional cost with the fur will be according to the variety selected. It is well worth the extra expense, as a high collar of this type adds both warmth and smartness to the whole garment.

It's easy to believe that the French dressmakers who made this satin frock of difficult simplicity learned how in a famous house in Paris

A costume that is really unusual for the country is difficult to find these days. A French dressmaker, however, has created a walking suit that is distinctly new and altogether pleasing; this is sketched at the upper right on this page. It is in a deep taupe colour, and the coat is made of corduroy while the skirt is of a fine velours in the same shade. This contrast of materials gives the effect of two different colours. The coat, loose, but at the same time straight and slim, fastens invisibly from the waist to the shoulder at one side, and this side runs into a short scarf which hangs over one shoulder or may be draped around the neck. It is lined with a soft crêpe de Chine or silk and is very well tailored, like all things French. The skirt, also straight and slim, lies in soft knife pleats under a wide belt of the material. It is not often that such an unusual suit is offered for so little money, for the cost is $100, and when one considers materials and workmanship, this is a very reasonable price. It will be made to order by two clever Frenchwomen whose apprenticeship was served with the famous house of Paquin. They have been established in New York for almost a year, and in this comparatively short time they have served the rather fastidious American public so well that incoming orders indicate that they soon will have an establishment on Fifth Avenue.

FOR DAYTIME WEAR

A truly French gown from this same little shop is sketched at the bottom on this page. It is a day dress and is made up in an elephant coloured satin. Severely plain is the design with the same lines observed in the back as in the front. Open pleats in the skirt run into closed

pleats in the waist-line, and in the back, hidden beneath these pleats, is the invisible fastening. A turn-over on the high collar is in dull gold tissue, and dull gold embroidery is used in the girdle. This dress has no other trimming. Box pleats, four in all, are used, and the three-quarter length sleeves are finished with a deep hem of the satin. In a fine quality of satin, hand-embroidered and beautifully finished, this dress will be made to order for $110.

There are numerous women who devote several hours each day to various charities, answering correspondence, censoring letters, looking over bills and accounts, and doing other things that mean much work, but that one seldom hears about. For this work there is no uniform, for the worker belongs to no special unit. Yet she feels that her street clothes are inappropriate, and she will welcome the worker's dress which was especially designed for her purpose and which is sketched at the upper middle on page 63. It is in black satin trimmed with black satin braid and with touches of sapphire blue duvetyn. The overblouse is fitted with deep pockets that button back with black bone buttons. Under this is a tunic of the black satin with the blue duvetyn attached to an underslip of soft silk. Touches of the duvetyn are used in the sleeves, to face the belt, and on the very high collar which is made of rows of the silk braid. A more practical uniform for the war worker can not be found.

A UNIFORM FOR WAR WORKERS

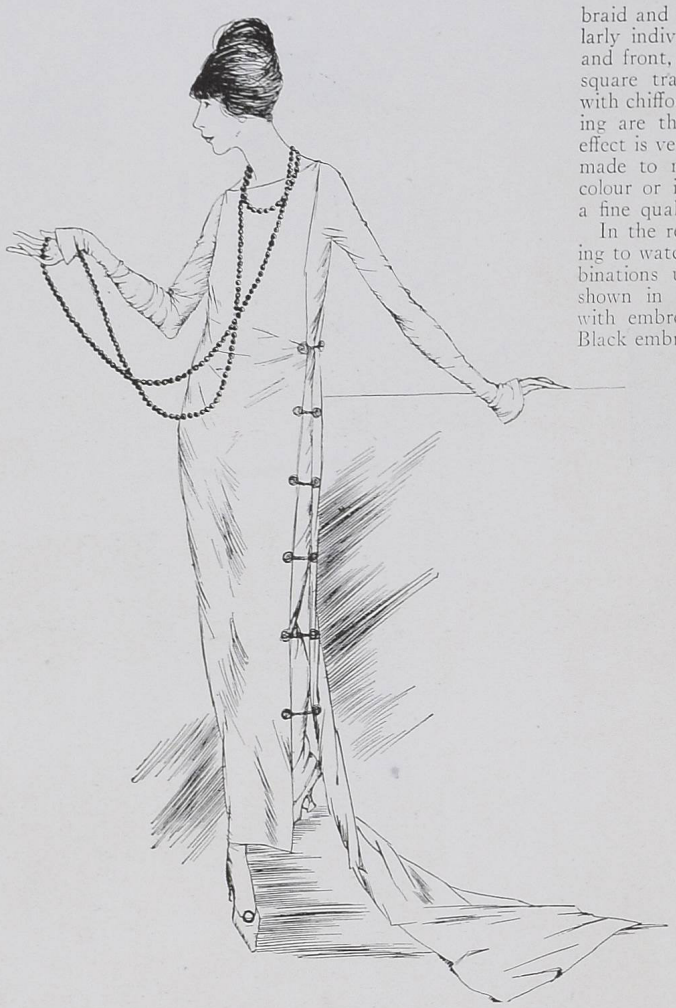
Another design for a war worker is the all-over apron of black satin sketched at the lower left on this page. This apron is made with sleeves and pockets and a binding of black silk braid which forms a pretty trimming. It may be worn over a slip of black satin or over a simple one-piece dress. Although an apron, it is made on the lines of the new one-piece dresses for autumn. Whether one is a war worker or a wage earner, a black satin apron of this type would be a practical addition to the wardrobe.

The best people wear their clothes as they wear their personalities—they show their finest side to their families and their most intimate friends. However, too many people show their worst side to those of whom they are fondest, and save their best for an indifferent public. This is particularly true in the matter of clothes, although the situation has changed somewhat since the war, and more and more women realize the importance of looking charming in the home. Perhaps this is because a woman wishes her husband or her son to keep the pleasantest possible memories of their furloughs. Certainly this is one of the reasons for the unprecedented sale of informal evening gowns. A little dressmaker has designed the charming home dinner gown sketched at the lower right on this page. The design combines lace and velvet; deep écru lace forms the underdress, while a coatee of black chiffon velvet is lined with emerald green chiffon. The looped panels in front are very amusingly done, caught under a belt of emerald green satin. It may be ordered in various colours, at $110.

A gown with sufficient dignity to give it almost the character of an evening gown is shown in the sketch at the upper middle on this page. It is shown in velvet or in satin and is trimmed at one side with loops and buttons of jet or gold braid and embroidery. This is a particularly individual style. Panels form back and front, and the back runs into a long square train which is lined throughout with chiffon. Very individual and charming are the long tight sleeves, and the effect is very smart. It is priced at $135, made to measure, and may be had in colour or in black, in satin or velvet of a fine quality.

In the recent openings it was interesting to watch the colours and colour combinations used. Gown after gown was shown in black or navy blue trimmed with embroidery in deep beige or grey. Black embroidery was very often used on a gown of grey or beige, with charming effect. Another use of these dull shades is on a tunic or overblouse in dark grey chiffon, embroidered in narrow silk ribbons in grey, and worn over a straight slip of black satin.

Note—For the duration of the war Vogue will conduct this department to meet the needs of the woman with a war-reduced income. If any special problem confronts you, write to Vogue, 19 West 44th Street, enclose a three-cent stamp, and it will answer without charge any individual question on dress, will suggest ways of altering frocks, assist in planning a wardrobe, and suggest patterns. Vogue will cut a pattern of any costume shown in this department at the special rate of $3 in size 36; other sizes, with pinned as well as flat patterns, $5.



Glorified loops and buttons are the only trimming on a gown that succeeds in being dignified enough for almost any occasion without using one bit of frivolity

It's just as an apron (and a most efficient war worker) to be slipped over a frock, although it looks like one of the new, trim, braided satin dresses

Écru lace, black velvet, and chiffon of brilliant green have all combined to make home evenings still pleasanter for the soldier home on furlough

An old hotel at Bordeaux has been turned into a Y. M. C. A. Headquarters and, since the commencement of hostilities, has been under the direction of Mrs. Vincent Astor, who is indefatigable in her efforts for the comfort of the soldiers

One hundred and fifty Americans on leave were entertained by the Duc and Duchesse de Vendôme at the Hotel Splendide, their residence in Aix-les-Bains. The young girl who is standing second to the left of the little Savoyarde is the Princesse Geneviève, the daughter of the duke

WITH JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES IN THE Y. M. C. A.

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS FOR THE "Y"

November 11 will see the seven war work organizations starting out on an appeal for funds — the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., National Catholic War Council, Jewish Welfare Board, American Library Association, War Camp Community Service, and Salvation Army. The goal is fixed at a minimum of $170,500,000 the largest amount ever asked for as a gift. One hundred million dollars is to go to the Y. M. C. A. One Fifty Dollar Liberty Bond given in this drive will enable each of the seven organizations to do its particular work for one soldier

HOW MANY SOLDIERS WILL YOU TAKE?

WHEN the American canteen worker leaves New York on her way to the front, she knows that she's a different person in her severe if becoming uniform—quite a different person—from the young lady of four years ago who flitted through the Customs with two trunks of Paris clothes. But it isn't until the American canteen worker reaches London that she begins to realize the absolute gulf fixed between the Europe of her remembering—the Europe of things as they used to be — and even the non-combatant portions of the Europe that now is. She has read, of course, that Englishwomen who have never worked before now outdo the hours of the veriest navvy in canteen, munition shop, and hospital,—that side by side with them work titled Frenchwomen, exiled Russians whose estates are occupied by princely peasants, refugees from Belgium and Serbia, volunteers of four years' standing from the American colony in London. But, if she has the experience common to those women who go to the front under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., it isn't until she actually sees the new Europe in operation at Eagle Hut, run by the American Y.M.C.A. for enlisted men, or at the Inn where the officers foregather, that she comes to realize what totally new standards have been introduced. It was at the Inn recently that this little comedy was staged; and, with variations in the cast, it might be duplicated there on almost any night of the week.

The "butler", a charming American girl wearing an attractive apron of flowered chintz with a bright Turkish head-dress, announces, "Lord Cheylesmore." As the British staff officer enters, one notes his enviable string of medals and service ribbons.

"Is Lady Cheylesmore here?" he asks the Y.M.C.A. secretary with the greenish drab uniform and the scarlet triangle on his arm.

Yes, she is here. She is, in fact, just coming up the steps from the kitchen, staggering under a load of steaming boiled potatoes. She says she can't possibly leave now; her work isn't done. She has to dust the drawing-room.

"Why, if that's all," the man with the medals makes answer, "I'll go up and do it for you."

He goes. And dusts. And does it well.

Half an hour later another distinguished looking soldier arrives, dressed in a Belgian officer's uniform. This is Viscount X. He enquires for his daughter. She is found washing dishes in the butler's pantry. This service completed, she is called for every night by her father. London streets, lacking lights, necessitate guides.

On the same cosmopolitan "shift" on the night of our story there was a young Russian girl, a Frenchwoman whose husband is still with the Army, two English girls, and, of course, several real Americans of whom Lady Cheylesmore was one. Before her marriage she was Elizabeth French, daughter of Mr. Francis O. French, of New York.

One of the English girls who worked beside Lady Cheylesmore represented the other great section of feminine endeavorers in the work of the American Y.M.C.A. She was a self-supporting woman, assistant manager of the British branch of a well-known American firm. She left her office at five-thirty and worked at the Officers' Inn till eleven o'clock every night, despite the fact that she had to be down town again at nine o'clock the following morning.

(*Continued on page 100*)

Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson

MRS. LAWRENCE GILLESPIE

Mrs. Gillespie is identified with Newport quite as much as with New York and is much interested in all local civic improvements there, as well as in the Red Cross work. When she is in Newport she occupies the former home of her grandfather, the late John Carter Brown, for whom Brown University was named. This photograph shows Mrs. Gillespie with her two little daughters, Eileen and Phyllis

MAKING THEM THINK IN CHORUS

The Publicity Committee for the Fourth Liberty Loan Are the Hardest Worked and the Most Liberally Amused Group of Men in New York

THE heart of New York—if New York has a heart—may be variously located according to one's informant. Some people would undoubtedly place it at Times Square; others would suggest City Hall Park; Tammany Hall would get a vote or two; Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street would stand a good chance of election. But during the three weeks beginning September 28, the heart of New York will be so expansive that nothing but the world's biggest office building can contain it, wherefore the heads of the Liberty Loan Campaign are located at 120 Broadway in the Equitable Building.

It's a comparatively easy thing to hypnotize a town of twenty-five or thirty thousand people into thinking in chorus. But to take New York—polyglot New York—cynical, sophisticated, always in a hurry—to add to the seven millions of the Greater City the twelve northern counties of New Jersey and one county of Connecticut—to take this unwieldy congeries of communities and weld it into one thinking, working, subscribing whole that will take a third of the next five billion dollar Liberty Loan on its broad back and go laughing off with it—this is the work of the Publicity Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

THE HARDEST WORKER OF THEM ALL

One doesn't wonder, then, that all through a super-steam-heated summer when the fifteen thousand people who man and woman and office-boy the Equitable Building drop down in the big elevators and stream out onto Broadway and Nassau Street, there is one floor that doesn't go home yawning. On Sundays, too, when the rest of down town New York is a mere echoing canyon of last week's memories, these Liberty Loan enthusiasts merely hump their shoulders over their desks and go on scheming out ways to separate Mr. and Mrs. and Miss and Master America each from his favourite idea that he has taken all the bonds he positively can.

These men who prefer a swivel chair and a dictaphone to Long Island and a limousine are not paid by the Government in any of its protean forms. They are, in the main, advance investments made by the various big corporations whose highly paid advertising specialists they are, and when so loaned to their country, they come over bringing their staffs with them.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR BRAINS

The posters for the Fourth Liberty Loan that flare across New York from the Bronx to the Battery were made in Washington where Charles Dana Gibson is in charge. But all the rest of the publicity—the newspaper and magazine articles, the street speakers, the parades, the wayside theatres, the huge gatherings in public halls, the thousand and one advertising "stunts" from the Liberty Bell placed on one's back door-knob directly above the milk bottles, straight through to Geraldine Farrar flinging the Star Spangled Banner's top note across Fifth Avenue from the Library steps—all these are the creations, directly or indirectly, of the Publicity Committee that toils in the Equitable Building.

"Given a hundred and four Blue Devils for six days—what would you do with them?" This isn't a riddle that results somehow in "can the Kaiser." It's an assignment of the sort propounded to the high-powered minds of his staff by Mr. G. S. Fougner, manager of the Press Bureau. Those Blue Devils were hand-picked from the Western front for use in the Third Liberty Loan drive; their transportation had entailed all sorts of windings and unwindings of red, white, and blue tape; now that they were about to appear on American soil the Publicity Committee wanted to get the maximum effect out of them.

Thirty or thirty-five men concentrated their several ten-to-thirty-thousand-dollar brains on the problem. Each sent in a typewritten itinerary in which the Blue Devils energized as only seasoned trench veterans could. Mr. Fougner went over the programmes submitted and chose the best items from each.

For the Fourth Liberty Loan, the star assignment begins, "Given the President——" What ultra-Blue-Devilish results the combined brains of the publicity experts will produce from this event remains to be seen. It wouldn't do to forecast. To be forewarned isn't to be forearmed in the publicity world—it's to be foredoomed. And the advertising cat-out-of-the-bag catches no mice.

One of the most far-reaching accomplishments of the last drive was the creation of the Rainbow Division consisting of committees representing one hundred and fifty embattled trades, each out to sell more bonds than anybody else. Together they disposed of more than five hundred million dollars' worth, but not before many an insurance heart had bled with the fear that the music publishers would outdistance them. The music folk had such immense advantages. They could hire Carnegie Hall; they could persuade Caruso and Farrar onto the same stage; they could raise two million dollars at a single session. The music trades weren't the only opposers that the insurance men had either. There was the Fish Committee. One bright member happened to be an officer in the National Guard. He borrowed a field kitchen from his unit and patrolled the financial district for several days. Every man who bought a bond got a plate of soup in exchange, and, as there seemed to be many soup-hungry magnates, the Fish Committee's hopes soared. But it was the insurance men who won in the end. The brains that can go out any day, assisted only by a glittering eye and a table of death rates and wheedle a man into taking out an endowment policy for five hundred thousand or so, to mature at the end of twenty years, shouldn't have much difficulty in persuading him into a bond. It remains to be seen, however, whether even the insurance men can hit the bull's eye twice in succession.

BUT OH THE THINGS THEY DIDN'T DO

The financial district was only one of many centres evangelized and to be ministered to again for the Fourth Loan—City Hall Park, Madison Square, the shopping district in and around Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue—each had its theatres, its special thrills day by day.

But the things the Liberty Loan Publicity Committee does are a mere nothing to the things it might do, according to Mr. Fougner who, among other parts, plays that of buffer between the Committee and those civilian brains that hatch great ideas at the eleventh hour.

On the last day of the Third drive, a man came in at noon. The Loan was officially closed, but the banks were still obliging last-minute bond-buyers. The man had a commanding eye, and he fixed it on the poor Buffer as though he would forever dispose of such unnecessary obstacles on the path to progress.

"You are to wire Wilson and McAdoo," he said quietly. "Close the Loan at once. Keep it closed until you've time to put my idea into practice, and then open it again—for twenty billion—thirty—fifty billion if you want."

"Just what is your idea?" the Buffer's mildness is the best and most specious thing he does.

"You've heard of the Declaration of Independence?" the visitor asked, gripping the outside edge of the Buffer's big desk with both hands and leaning as far over as gravity would permit.

"Ye-es," the Buffer agreed, his mind's eye on Police Headquarters.

"What American wouldn't be glad—proud—to think his great-great-great-grandfather had signed it? What wouldn't you give for that, today, let me ask you?"

(*Continued on page 103*)

DID YOU KNOW?

That a Fifty Dollar Bond will pay for one six-inch shell and the powder to fire it at a U-Boat?

That a Hundred Dollar Bond will clothe a soldier for overseas service?

That a Five Hundred Dollar Bond will pay the cost of drafting one hundred men?

That a Thousand Dollar Bond will buy an X-ray outfit for a base hospital?

That a Ten Thousand Dollar Bond will buy a "Baby" tank?

That a Fifty Thousand Dollar Bond will buy a whole field hospital?

That a Million Dollar Bond will buy all the ammunition used in a small barrage?—or pay the cost of the war for half an hour?

HOW MANY—PLEASE?

Artcraft

Baron de Meyer

(Left, above) Lillian Gish, whose work in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Hearts of the World" has made her so well known, has won new honours in the Griffith photoplay, "The Great Love." Many scenes of the picture were taken in England, and Mr. Griffith secured the cooperation of the Queen Mother, Alexandra, of Lady Diana Manners, Miss Violet Asquith, and other prominent women in England, who consented to appear in the film

(Right, above) Madame Petrova, whose latest screen production is a version of the novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," by Gertrude Atherton, has been devoting her summer to the War Savings Stamp Campaign. She made a tour of thirty-five cities, selling half a million dollars worth of stamps. She is to desert the screen for the spoken drama this winter, and will appear in a play called "The High Altar," of which she is co-author with W. H. Roberts. Her last appearance on the legitimate stage was in "Panthea"

Rocklitz Studio

Geraldine Farrar has made three photoplays this summer: "The Turn of the Wheel," "The Hell Cat," and one which is yet unnamed

FOUR STARS IN THE GREAT WHITE MOVING PICTURE WAY THAT STREAMS AROUND THE WORLD

Maurice Goldberg

This photograph of Mary Pickford, who has made a whole picture for the Fourth Liberty Loan, was posed for Vogue at the time of the Third Loan

SEEN *on the* STAGE

Almost All the New Autumn Plays, Whether Warlike or Not Involve a Mystery The Solving of Which Delights Broadway

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE technical method of the mystery-play is diametrically different from that of the standard drama. In the first place, it reverses what William Archer has described as "the Olympian attitude" of the audience. In most cases, the public prefers to know more about the people in a play than these people know about themselves; for this superiority of information places the spectators in the comfortable attitude of gods upon Olympus, looking down upon the destinies of men. But the mystery-play dethrones the audience, and sets the characters, instead, upon a misty mountain-top, where they may be visioned only at rare and fleeting moments when there is a rift in the clouds.

Much, of course, is sacrificed by this procedure, which — to quote another phrase of William Archer's —"deprives the audience of that superior knowledge in which lies the irony of drama." There is no denying that, in the ordinary observation of experience, it is not nearly so interesting to be fooled as it is to watch other people being fooled; and this is the reason why —to instance a very high example —the audience is permitted to see through Iago from the outset, whereas Othello persists in regarding him as a "fellow of exceeding honesty" until the final moment of the tragedy. But, on the other hand, the mystery-play, by preventing the response of recognition, stimulates the counter-interest of curiosity. When an author says to the public, "These are my characters; I do not invite you to know them: I forbid you to know them," he of course receives a quick reaction from the audience. Instead of enjoying the comfortable consciousness of superior knowledge, the spectator is stimulated to enjoy the taking of a dare to prove that his understanding of the puppets of the play is not inferior to that of the author or to that of the characters themselves.

But, in order to sustain a mystery and to register a series of surprises, the playwright is impeded from drawing his characters consistently and is often tempted to tell lies about them. It is all but impossible to depict the sort of person that the hero really is, and at the same time to persuade the audience, until the final revelation of the secret, that the hero is another sort of person altogether. Deception of this kind can, therefore, never be accomplished in a play that is sufficiently serious in subject-matter to demand reality in characterization. The pattern of surprise is availably only for farces and for melodramas, in which the incidents are all that count and the characters are secondary. To deceive the audience successfully in high comedy or tragedy would require a falsification that would be fatal to the play.

The standard drama appeals to the normal impulse of an interest in life. The mystery-play appeals to the no less natural incentive for solving tricks and puzzles; but this interest is undeniably the lower of the two. All of us like to watch card-tricks, when the cards are well manipulated; and, in viewing any human complication, each of us assumes instinctively the rôle of a detective. But the activity of mind excited by the effort to unravel a mystery or to solve a puzzle is surely less august than that which is awakened when a man is led to a high mountain-top and invited to review some representative experience of all humanity rehearsed beneath his feet.

"THREE FACES EAST"

A friendly service to reviewers might be rendered if Cohan and Harris would publish a pamphlet entitled "Who's Who in 'Three Faces East.'" This play, by Anthony Paul Kelly, repeats the clever project that was exploited by Max Marcin in "Cheating Cheaters," — a project that may be described, in technical terms, as the pattern of the double cross. But, since, in our journalistic theatre, the public is not expected to recognize the repetition of a pattern if the subject-matter is altered in the interest of timeliness, Mr. Kelly has turned the piece into a war-play (and what could be more timely than that?) by the simple expedient of changing the elaborate plot of crooks and counter-crooks into an equally elaborate plot of spies and counter-spies.

"Three Faces East" is described by the author as "a play of the secret service." Several members of the cast of characters are introduced to the audience as agents of the German Intelligence Bureau, and several others are introduced as agents of the English Intelligence Department. Before very long, however, it becomes apparent that most, if not all, of these many spies are reporting day by day to the people higher up in the secret service of both nations, and we are permitted to make the obvious de-

Strauss Peyton

When Marjorie Rambeau has the leading rôle in a play by Roi Cooper Megrue, and that play is named "Where Poppies Bloom," and announced as a love story of the war, staged in France—then one knows that a vivid bit of the "world drama" has come to Broadway

Matzene

Ruth Findlay "played opposite" Wallace Eddinger with great success in his new comedy, "A Very Good Young Man"—a play from the pen of a new author, Martin Brown, who won fame on Broadway as a musical comedy dancer

Beidler

Violet Heming is a German spy, but she manages to be charming in spite of the handicap, in "Three Faces East," by Paul Kelly, another war play, concerned this time with spies, and called a play of the Secret Service

Abbe

Desirée Lubowska adds to the dancing in the Hippodrome show, appropriately named "Everything." It was written by almost everybody and is played by everybody else

Geisler and Andrews

Lillian Lorraine appears in the Follies, and does an old-fashioned valentine scene with the Fairbanks twins, a song or two, and a delightfully deceptive round mirror

White

In "Under Orders," that war-time drama of English origin, Shelley Hull plays an American officer——

——and doubles as a German officer, son of the twin sister who had the ill luck to marry into the Fatherland

duction that these puppets are engaged in an intricate game of double-crossing each other. Thereafter, the interest becomes centered in the incentive to discover which is which, and what is what, and who is who. Characters suspected to be Germans turn out to be English: characters supposed to be English turn out to be German: and, before long, the whole scheme becomes so cleverly bewildering that, when the birth of an English baby off-stage is announced in the middle of the play, we begin to fear that this little stranger may turn out to be the Kaiser in disguise.

Such a pattern is peculiarly hard on the performers; for, until the play is completed, it is impossible for the critic (and every witness of a play regards himself as a potential critic) to formulate any logical opinion in regard to the comportment of the actors. How is any one to tell, for instance, whether Violet Heming acts well or acts badly in the part of one of the leading secret agents unless he is credibly informed, quite early in the evening, whether she is really a German spy or really an English spy? And the same question must, of course, be asked before applying any judgment to the performance of Emmet Corrigan, who is first presented as a Belgian refugée, subsequently suspected to be a German spy, revealed still later as a secret agent of the English Intelligence Department, and finally proved to be . . . but in reviewing such a play as this, the commentator is expected to keep the author's secret! In a surprise-play of this type, no opportunity for manifest reality of characterization is afforded to any of the actors, except to those who—like Charles Harbury, in the present instance—are assigned to the depiction of the few parts that remain unchanged throughout the evolution of the pattern.

In the production of any play in which the emphasis is cast upon the plot (and both farces and melodramas are included in this category) the customary tempo is extremely rapid. Despite this precedent, "Three Faces East" is played at a pace that is exceedingly deliberate. The piece was directed by Sam Forrest; but, in this very careful conduct of the metronome, one suspects also the collaborative ear of George M. Cohan. A slow tempo was required, in the first place, to afford the audience the necessary leisure to think backward when some new kink in the plot was unexpectedly and suddenly projected; and the creeping progress of the action was used also to contribute very largely to the desired sense of something evermore about to be.

Since the piece was produced by Cohan and Harris, it is scarcely necessary to append a statement that it is more than adequately cast and staged. If the reader desires an explanation of the enigmatic title, the only reasonable answer seems to be that a mystery-play should be announced with a mysterious name. "Three Faces East" is a literal translation of the German phrase, "Drei Gesichte Osten," which is employed as a pass-word between the various agents of the German Intelligence Bureau who appear in this melodrama; but why they should have chosen this peculiar pass-word is a mystery that the author has refused—or else neglected—to explain.

"UNDER ORDERS"

"Under Orders" is another play in which the interest is mainly technical; but it contains one scene which is so effective that it awakens, for the moment, a response of genuinely human sympathy. This piece was written by an English actor named Berte Thomas; and it was first produced in England, under the title, "Out of Hell." The present version has been slightly "Americanized,"—to the obvious detriment of the text wherever the changes are apparent. It seems a pity that, when our managers import successful plays from overseas, they are so rarely willing to leave the author's lines alone.

"Under Orders" has been advertised and exploited as "a dramatic novelty"; but this phrase is exceedingly ill-chosen. The piece shows undeniably a certain sort of merit; but "novelty" is not the name for it. Though "Under Orders" is a four-act melodrama, only four characters are exhibited upon the stage from the outset to

(*Continued on page 96*)

PATRIOTIC REFLECTIONS IN MODERN GLASS

GLASS FROM WANAMAKER

Guy Arnoux of Paris designed this bowl, which is of opaque white glass, festooned with garlands of bright blue leaves caught with red roses. The rim of the bowl is striped in tricolour, and the whole effect is gaily patriotic

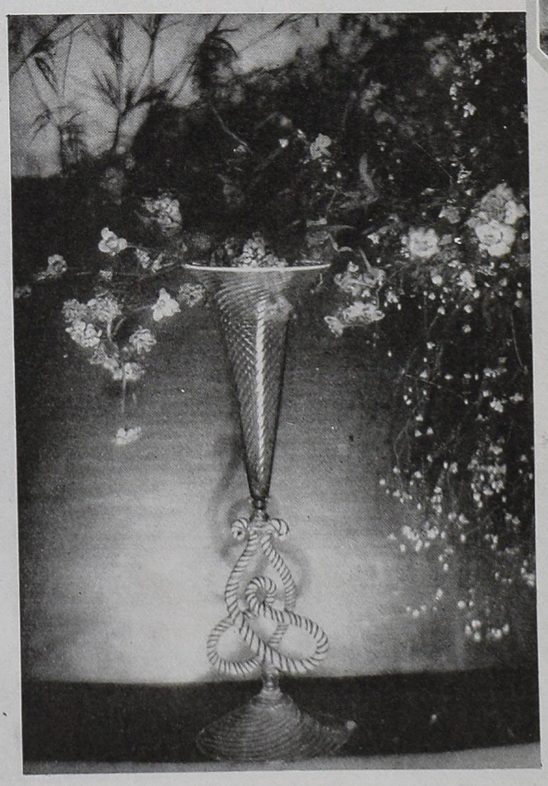
NOWADAYS, when the war-time spirit of patriotism is manifested by flags hung over every doorway, when Fifth Avenue presents a long vista gay with tricolour, it is interesting to remember that France has long made use of tricolour and its modifications, not only in costume and decorations, but also in the decoration of glass and china.

This began in 1793, when the valiant little cock of the Revolution was still crowing triumphantly and the tricolour cocarde, formed like the cock's comb itself, became one of the national emblems of France.

But it was during the time of the Directoire that tricoloured motifs, embodying the cocarde, the cock, the fasces, the triumphal flambeau, and the wreath of victory became most familiar. These were national motifs, peculiar to the period, and their characteristic colourings were tricolour, not only as it appears, in pure brilliant colour, in the flag, but in its soft blue violet or grey blue, in creamy whites, and in soft rose or mauve. The china

(*Continued on page 99*)

A covered Venetian compote of transparent white glass is decorated with curling red and blue glass feathers at the top



(Left) In the museum at Murano is the model for this red, white, and blue vase. The base and the cup, which are held together by a red and white peppermint striped twist, are of aquamarine blue with a swirling line like sunlight on clear sparkling water

(Right) This is American antique patriotic glass. The vase is striped with wavy lines of alternate red, white, and blue. The scent bottles are on the millefiori order—but there is a single flower in the stopper and in the bottom of the bottle

Baron de Meyer

One of the most beautiful estates at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, is "Brookside," the home of Mrs. William Hall Walker. The artificial lake with its swans and its Italian boat-landing suggests a villa on Lake Como, but instead of cypresses, the pines and birches of New England are reflected in its waters. From such steps a Watteau marquise might have embarked for idyllic "Cythère"; but the plain facts are that these steps lead up to the picturesque Elizabethan house

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS, VITALE, BRINCKERHOFF, AND GEIFFERT

WHITE PICTURESQUE STEPS LEAD STRAIGHT INTO A SUN-FLECKED LAKE FRINGED WITH PINES AND BIRCHES

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

This bronze fountain, designed by Anna Coleman Ladd, is thoroughly Greek in feeling, and adds its decorative value to one of the most picturesque spots on the estate of Mrs. Edward S. Grew at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts. These figures in their woodland setting are an example of the fact, so well-recognized by the Greeks, that sculpture gains in beauty from an outdoor background, especially when it contrasts with the delicacy of fine foliage and the blue of sky or water

ETCHED ON THE MIRROR OF THE POOL AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF GREEN IS THIS BRONZE FOUNTAIN

THE NEW NOTE OF HOPE IN PARIS FASHIONS

The Couturiers Welcome the Good News from the Front by Making Draped and Paneled Frocks That Show a New Note of Elaborateness

JOY and hope are in the very air of Paris these days. And yet it was but a few weeks ago that danger and dread hung over us. At three o'clock one morning there came an ominous roar, followed by a noise like the bursting of shells — then another roar. I woke with a start and sat up in bed, listening. Was it a storm? As soon as I came out of my sleepy daze (for our calm nights are rare, and we sleep heavily when they do come), I realized what it was that I heard. It was the noise of cannons—the sound of a battle. I jumped from my bed, opened my window, and from a mother-of-pearl dawn with floating clouds, the incessant noise of the battle reached me. From the direction of the sound I knew that it must be near the Marne that they were fighting, near all that part of France that lies along its banks, those undulating hills, those forests, that charming peaceful village of Château-Thierry.

I can see that village now as clearly as if I were there, for it is indelibly stamped on my memory. The day after the first victory of the Marne, in 1914, I was sent, with seven other persons, to carry surgical instruments, blankets, and supplies to the hospitals near the front at Fismes and La Fère. At seven o'clock in the evening we arrived at Château-Thierry. Its streets, once so peaceful, were filled with French and English lorries; its shops were emptied of their stores, and only an occasional shop had any light at all. British officers with lanterns were rushing about trying to find a garage or a place to dine. We passed La Fontaine's house—its shutters were closed, its steps moss-covered, but a rose bush, climbing over one of the iron grilles, offered a single rose as homage to the poet who loved nature so ardently.

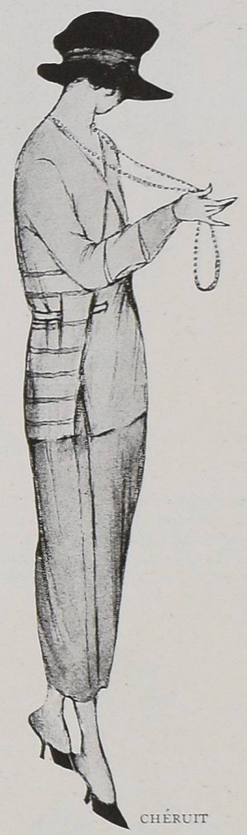
AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

We dined at the notary's, in the huge quiet dining-room of an old house of the type which Balzac loved to describe. The table was laid very nicely, and we had a ham that had been overlooked and some preserves that some one had discovered. The people in the neighbouring house, who had come back to their homes that day, came and went incessantly. During dinner a very elegant young woman came in and told us a mysterious and exciting story: all her personal linen, her lace chemises, her combinations, and her *saut de lit* had been taken by the Germans, while the towels, sheets, and household linen had not been touched. We wondered if some officer had sent all her lingerie to his Gretchen as examples of what he would like to see worn by the women of Germany. Immediately after dinner we began to plan how we could put up eight people for the night. We finally found shelter in a beautiful house, the residence of the symbolist painter, Aman Jean, who happened to be absent at the time. This house, too, had been looted. It was typically French with its dark shutters and its wide white façade. At the time of the invasion a joyous family life was being lived in those vast rooms, so charmingly decorated, which had since been reduced to a pitiful state.

We left at the dawn of a pale autumn morning and made our way through the fog, over roads heaped with the debris of battle, to other towns which had been delivered from the enemy. As calmly as if nothing had happened the hard-working peasant was already taking possession of his fields once again—the eternal renewing of things.

A NEW HOPE IN FASHION

This renewing, this rebirth, makes its appearance in many varied forms. We saw this in the wild enthusiasm with which the people of Paris greeted the soldiers of the Allies at the review of troops on the American Fourth of July. We see it now in the confidence which is expressed everywhere, since this second victory of the Marne, for a speedy final victory. And again we see it in the interest with which people have taken up their normal lives since the long range

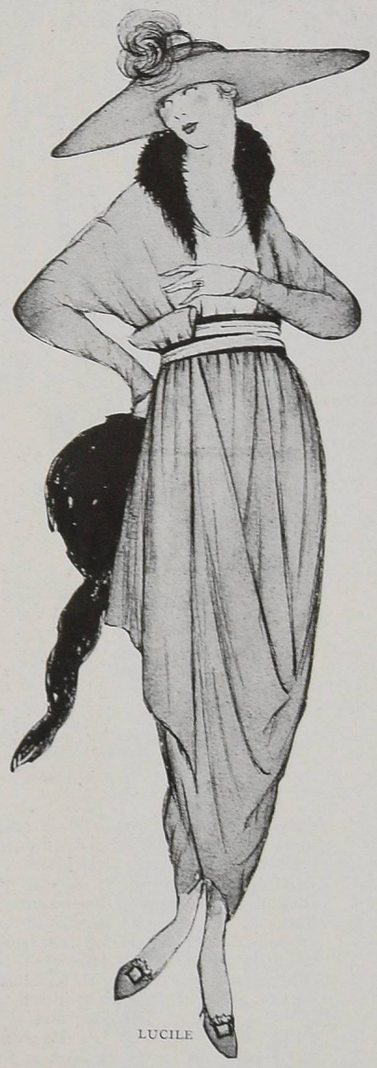


CHÉRUIT

The Parisienne who is up-to-the-minute in fashion has her coat of one wool material and her skirt of another. This novel jacket striped with bias bands of bure is of light weight yellow wool stuff with a thick bure skirt

LUCILE

The black and white striped taffeta sash which trims this pale grey taffeta afternoon frock and forms an ingenious train at one side, is one more sign that the good news from the front is adding a joyous touch here and there



LUCILE

Frocks are a little more festive in Paris. This Georgette crêpe dress, for example, has put the unbroken silhouette right out of its life and draped up its rose coloured length under an unusual grey and black belt of striped satin

guns have been silenced, and in the way in which the great industry of Paris—the creation of fashions—has continued in spite of all the suffering and danger which has threatened our city. Human nature is such that when one has looked death in the face, one turns back to life with redoubled energy and verve.

Perhaps it was with this realization that Susy Depsy, a woman convicted as a spy, ordered, through her maid, a dress from one of our leading houses in which to appear before the court martial. It was only after long consideration that she finally decided on a black satin dress with an embroidered chasuble and a hat trimmed with two feathers, one black and the other pink.

I have said before this that the fact that most women are wearing simple clothes in Paris does not mean that there are no exceptions. I have an idea that now that the war news is so encouraging, many women will begin to dress more

JENNY

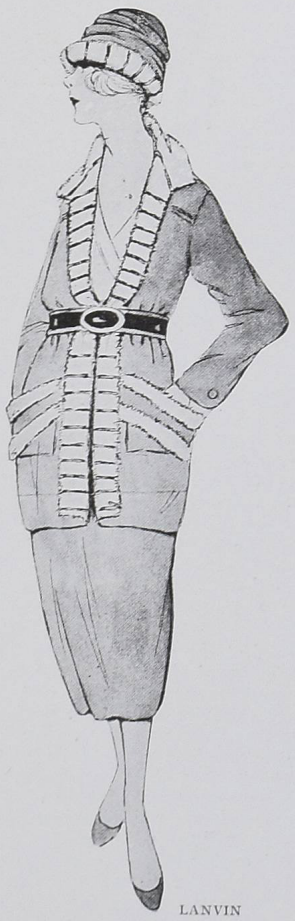
Even Paris says this tailleur of brown wool velours is just a bit complicated. Most of the complications are of seal—collar, vest, and novel skirt bands

elaborately. The couturiers are quite ready to second them in this. Lucile, for example, has gone in for elaborate draperies. To be sure, as a rule, only dresses for formal occasions are draped, but at some of the recent weddings in Paris we have seen a revival of the *robe de cérémonie;* the only festive note lacking in the elaborate ensemble was the long train. The two dresses from Lucile, sketched on page 73, are examples of this slight reaction from extreme simplicity. The long end of ribbon arranged like a train at one side, in the dress sketched at the lower left of page 73, is a new and interesting note. Large hats are worn with both of these gowns for formal occasions.

Worth, even in the simplest of his costumes, shows that exquisite distinction which marks the extreme degree of elegance. The street costume

JENNY

When this little Parisienne gets tired of her coat of green duvetyn with its garnitures of tan, she just turns it all inside out and has a tan duvetyn coat trimmed in green. The bottom of the coat is very novel, rolled up and buttoned in front but not in back



LANVIN

White angora is adding a fluffy touch to suit after suit in Paris—and it's always as delightful and amusing as it is on this youthful suit of brown molleton

which is sketched at the lower left on page 75 proves the truth of this statement. Lanvin offers some very new ideas, including the kangaroo pouch-pocket which is seen on so many of her models and is finding such popularity here in Paris.

NEW FASHION DETAILS

The winter fashions will show draperies, pleats, flying panels, and aprons. There is, in fact, a reaction against the monotony of an unbroken silhouette. Tailored suits of the mannish type, consisting of an absolutely plain coat and skirt with no ornament whatever except stitching and buttons, are entirely dead here, although for a time they found great popularity with some women. I say this decidedly because the trend of autumn and winter fashions will be very definitely in an opposite direction. The

JENNY

This smart tailleur of dark blue gabardine prefers to be seen going rather than coming. That's because of its interesting back with pipings at each side

Parisienne never cared for the mannish style of dress, and now she has renounced it definitely. A coat-dress from Jenny, sketched at the left on this page and made of brown wool velours with seal panels on the skirt, gives a very clear idea of what is really smart at the moment. The unusual collar of crossed bands of seal deserves special mention. The cut of the green duvetyn coat with tan revers, at the top of this page, is unusual, as the back is much longer than the front. New and amusing, too, is the way in which the bottom of the coat is turned up and buttoned carelessly, and the idea of making the coat reversible so that it can be worn equally well with either side out is most ingenious.

Even for simple costumes two materials are combined. The model from Chéruit, sketched

in the upper middle on page 73, uses a soft light woollen material for the jacket and a thick warm bure for the skirt. This costume is cut in a most novel way, with points meeting in the front and a string belt run through button-holes. Bias bands of bure trim the back of the jacket. This use of different woollen materials in the same costume will be one of the most marked novelties of the winter. It is an especially good style now when there is a scarcity of materials. Silk and woollen tricot are also combined very charmingly. I like these mixtures best when one colour is used. A slight difference in shade is sometimes very good, but two shades which contrast violently are in very poor taste, according to my judgment.

The latest novelty which has been seen at the watering-places during the summer and which has continued in popularity since people have come back to town, is the custom, adopted by many fashionable women, of wearing thick stockings and heavy-soled shoes. These are worn only with simple morning and afternoon costumes, of course, but the idea is logical, for silk stockings and thin slippers certainly belong with silk or velvet dresses. All the little working girls had begun to wear silk stockings from the time they got up in the morning—and there had to be a difference. The truly smart women have found it in this new fashion.

BEER

When the mansard roofs of Paris sparkle in the first frost, the wearer of this tailleur of green burella cloth will rejoice in its trimming of zibeline and high snug collar

MAISON DE BLANC DE PARIS

A coat of beige "Deaveline" with a cape set in at the shoulder-line finds a collar and cuffs of wool tricot the best, as well as the most becoming, defense against winter

WORTH

Now that all wool of draft age has gone into khaki or blue, the Parisienne consoles herself with a black satin tailleur, trimmed with fur and bright silk embroidery

The types and sizes of the new hand-bags vary with each woman. I went to see what I could find in the shop of Nenchoff, the dealer who is most popular with Americans and with all women who love luxury. Most of his bags were of leather, either in envelope shapes with double pockets, or long and narrow, or small and round. What he likes best, however, for women who still have their own carriages, is the bead bag made by hand, reproducing in colours the old Chinese designs of the eighteenth century. Some of these bags have antique tops and some are drawn with a plain cord, but all are the quintessence of elegance. But they are, I repeat, not to be carried when one is on foot and simply dressed.

With leather toques of the type of the one from Jeanne Duc, sketched on page 76, completely covering the head, many women wear plain veils the colour of the hat and edged with tiny beads in the same shade. The bead border is very narrow, but the weight is sufficient to make the veil hang well and to prevent its fluttering at every step.

The wearing of a veil in itself constitutes something of a novelty in Paris. Before the war it was rare indeed to see this adjunct to a hat worn with either morning or afternoon costumes. It was only for motor wear that the veil found favour. Possibly because the activities of the war have caused women to make less frequent visits to the hair-dresser, it is now quite usual to see smart women wearing veils. Even the floating type, once left severely to the American tourist, whose badge it was, has been adopted by the elegant Parisienne who wears it in a distinctive manner; just covering her eyes in front and falling on the shoulders in natural folds. Some very beautiful old veils have been resurrected from obscurity to serve modern needs, proving again the truth of the adage that if one will but keep a thing long enough, one will surely find a use for it. The lacemakers, thousands of whom have been thrown out of work by the destruction of their homes during the German invasions, welcome the revival of the veil as another chance for the exercise of their delicate art. The artist who works in the medium of fabrics also finds an opportunity here. The art of Batik, originated in France by Madame Pangon, is particularly well adapted to materials which are to be used for long flowing veils.

Madame Pangon does not confine herself to thin materials, however, for much of the work which she showed me on the day I visited her studio was carried out on heavy velvets. For this rich fabric she has adapted many designs in which fauns disport themselves in classic games and dances, reminding one of the Debussy ballet, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," which set all Europe talking when it was first interpreted by Nijinsky. For her silks, Madame Pangon fancies designs of water weeds waving rhythmically across a surface suggesting a still pond. For her thin veilings, she chooses strange exotic flowers, peacock feathers, vines filled with ripe grape clusters, drifts of bubbles in iridescent colours, or marine patterns taken from the starfish and the seaweeds.

She also adapts her designs to furniture materials, but I should like to talk of them another time, confining myself here to the stuffs which she intends for gowns and cloaks. They have

(*Continued on page 02*)

BEER

The rabbit may have been a provincial once, but now he frequents the boulevards of Paris—this time on an afternoon dress of smoke grey velvet embroidered in grey

PARIS HATS AND COIFFURES DO THEIR BIT TO MAKE LIFE INTERESTING TO THE "PERMISSIONAIRE"

FOR, THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MOONS, MADAME IS GIVEN VARIOUS NEW STYLES IN HAIR-DRESSING

The coiffure of Mme. Letellier, a smart Parisienne, attains that difficult, desirable end—the careless, almost frowsy look that is so captivating and that requires such infinite pains. It's done by cutting the ends at front and sides and twisting the rest of the hair into curls at the back; coiffure from Antoine

JEANNE DUC

To be fashionable one must be embroidered this Paris season—even if one is a big becoming hat topped with brown chenille and faced with brown velvet. Occasional small round motifs done in grey, blue, and burgundy wool are a pleasant way of accomplishing this ornamental end

If a little hat is torn between the fascinations of blue Georgette crêpe and pale rose crêpe with big blue polka dots, obviously the wise thing to do is to take a little of each. The dotted material makes a becoming background for a brim and up-turned ruffles of the plain crêpe

The "jeune fille" coils her hair in big open loops against her slim neck—not carefully, not carelessly, but as though one were so young that one charmed without wishing it; coiffure from Antoine

This is the profile of the "jeune fille"—short ends of curls on her forehead, little ears modestly in retreat, and those careful-careless coils in a loose knot behind

JEANNE DUC

One does one's best for a sad world in a small close fitting turban of cherry red kid with a wreath of red kid flowers and leaves each gaily edged with a tiny band of gold

Mme. Doyen, the wife of the well-known French physician, wears a coiffure somewhat "en casque," with a coronet braid placed higher in the front than in the back and laid softly around the head

FRENCH TASTE *and a* WAR-REDUCED POCKETBOOK

By Buying Few Frocks of Good Materials And Dark Colours and Using a Variety Of Collars, Belts, and Trimmings, the Parisienne Meets the War-Time Prices

It's a wise little war-time Parisienne who wears this gown of jet-trimmed black tulle over gold lamé, for such a frock can be worn for many times and occasions; from Berthe Hermance

Mme. Barthet wears this frock of heavy hand-made tricot bordered with lines of light blue and mauve—for tricot is one of the smartest and most practical materials; from Cousin

THE one great question which most women have to decide this winter is how to be elegant with the least expense. With the present war prices, the problem would be unsolvable if women did not always find some ingenious way to get the best of the situation. The greatest resource of the moment is the tricot dress, in silk, wool, or cotton. Tricot will be the predominant elegance of the winter, for dresses of this material have been treated in an absolutely new way and are no longer suggestive of sports clothes. These models are charmingly finished, made either of double-faced or plain tricot, or of silk and wool tricot together. Even if one goes to the most fashionable houses these dresses will not be as expensive as silk or woollen ones, and this is also true of coats.

THE CHEMISE DRESS

The straight chemise dress of tricot, held in by a narrow belt of ribbon or of the same material carelessly knotted at the side, is most often trimmed at the bottom with bands of a contrasting colour or turned up at the hem like a man's trousers. The turned-up part may be of a lighter or darker shade than the dress. To tell the truth, there will be a great variety in the cut of frocks, but the choice of the women who are leaders in the fashion world is undoubtedly the chemise dress.

A two-toned violet cape from Madame Lebreton, worn by Mlle. Dorziat, is sketched at the upper left on page 78. It is of wool and silk tricot with silk bands on the bias in the back and ends crossed like a fichu. It is an ideal wrap to wear with a charming costume such as the new type of tailored frock which has replaced the mannishly plain tailleur. This is a blouse and skirt of violet silk edged with wool trimming and finished with little violet silk buttons. The "medallion" neck is much newer than the pointed neck for this sort of blouse.

The use which the Parisienne has made of these tricots at this time when simplicity is necessary is another proof of her ingenuity. She creates a modest elegance, instead of complaining because she can no longer spend as much as she used to. Is this not really plucky? However, we can not stick to one single style, since every day brings varying circumstances.

Silks will be the solution to most of our problems this season. They will be an economy as, since the war, silk is much cheaper than wool. They are also charming as a soft silk dress is always becoming to a woman of taste.

A frock of grey crêpe de Chine and grey rabbit fur is a war-time possibility for the most conscientious, for both are economies; from Berthe Hermance

The rabbit gives a fur that is as warm as the coat of its more expensive brothers and is a charming trimming for grey broadcloth; from Berthe Hermance

The woman of small means who goes to a little dressmaker must reconcile herself to a new programme.

REDUCING THE COST OF SMARTNESS

First, she must give up eccentricity. Next, she must avoid complicated models, the execution of which would present technical difficulties, and, lastly, she must keep entirely to black or dark colours. By following these rules closely and going to a dressmaker who has had some experience, she will achieve her object. This does not apply to the woman who is gifted with a very keen sense of harmony. If one can make a dress out of a veil and perform other equally ingenious feats, one may be perfectly independent of fashion and still appear to follow it. It is for the women who have been accustomed to spending a good deal of money on their clothes, and, having no ideas of their own, wish to keep on dressing just as they always have, that this programme has been arranged. And these women must keep to it, for a time, at least, if they wish to look well without spending more money than in the past. They must choose the best materials and make up their minds to wear their gowns for two years in succession, instead of buying new dresses of inferior materials which will soon spoil and get out of shape. An excellent idea is to have a dress copied in another material, if it has been successful. Serge, velvet, and tricot have been used for the same sort of occasions since the war, and all three are still smart. Fringe is having a great success

In place of the expensive tailored suit, one may cover a frock with such a cape as this, worn by Mlle. Dorziat; it is of violet wool tricot collared with darker violet silk tricot; from Lebreton

this winter. It is a very convenient trimming, as it is elegant, but does not require any particular cut in the gown. The collars which are popular this season will make an old dress look like a new one. They can be made at home by one's maid, from a muslin pattern which has been cut to suit one's own particular style. Collars may be of pink or white organdie, of embroidered lace, or of soft fur, and may be worn open or high.

Another successful way of altering the appearance of a dress is to change the belt. The new belts may be very large and knotted in the back in Japanese style, or fastened in front without ends. They are equally smart when they are very narrow, tied twice around the waist, and knotted behind, rather low. Still other smart arrangements are to wear them very low, like a child's sash, or very high; in this case they are made of a simple straight piece of silk. With the straight dresses, both with and without tunics, there must always be a belt. One should have a variety of belts and collars in order to change the lines of a dress.

The tailored suit, which demands a perfect cut and must therefore be made by an expensive couturier, may be replaced this year by a skirt and cape of some such firm material as

It's the ingenious fringed silk collar that makes this simple blue serge frock so very smart—and one may have any number of smart and interesting collars made at home

serge, duvetyn, or wool velours. Blouses which are very simple to make are of Egyptian cut either matching or harmonizing with the rest of the costume.

Furs need a whole chapter to themselves and can not be gone into here. The very expensive furs have been put aside since the war, and the only ones to be considered by the woman with little money to spend are pretty combinations of plain rabbit. Prepared, dyed, and worked, this fur has great charm and is so reasonable in price that it needs no recommendation.

The problem of hats is not so difficult to solve, as one may buy ready-to-wear shapes in so great a variety that it is possible to make a selection of whatever is becoming to one's face. Many women make their own hats, but of course nothing lasts as long as a hat of good quality, bought from an expensive house, as —like a good pair of shoes—it will never get out of shape. It is better to have only two hats in a season and to have them from a good house, than to have a dozen cheap ones. A method employed by women who have to consider expense is to have their last year's felt or straw shapes reblocked; a good milliner will never refuse to do this to one of her own shapes, especially at such a time as this.

An unvarying rule in matters of economy is this: "Whatever is cheap will be expensive in the long run." It is well to remember this.

Over this black satin underdress is a tunic in gold and brown with a touch of red in the flowers — a tunic which an ingenious woman might alternate with other tunics; from Rolande

This coat, worn by Mme. Faquet-Lemaître, is of black duvetyn with a bright red band turning a smart corner on its front and a wide high seal collar warming one's chin; from Rolande

Fringe is smart and not too expensive, and just how effective it may be is shown on this black peau de soie frock worn by Mme. Faquet-Lamaître; from Rolande. The hat is from Reboux

A blouse to match one's tailored moods is this washable one with an obliging collar that may be worn high or low; $7.95

JUST as the war has had its effect on commercial conditions, so has it had a most interesting reaction on the question of clothes. There is a growing demand for simple well-planned clothes of good material and workmanship, designed to fill the very definite needs of the times. With this need in mind, every available means has been utilized to offer in these three pages clothes which will be of real service to the average woman who depends on the shops rather than on a dressmaker for her source of supply. The entire routine of every-day living has changed so decidedly in the past year that one has to banish all preconceived ideas of a winter wardrobe when shopping this autumn. The days are now filled with a variety of war work, such as canteen work, social service, Red Cross work, courses in reconstruction work, and even office duties. For most of this work a protective uniform is worn over one's own clothes, and this necessitates a very simple frock. It must also be a warm one, as a great deal of the work is done in cold rooms. Over elaborate clothes are banished, even for more formal occasions, as much of the entertaining this winter will be done in the guise of benefit concerts and bazaars, with occasionally an informal theatre party or a dinner. Fewer opportunities are left to wear the formal evening gowns or elaborate afternoon costumes of other times, and an increasing number of women are now looking for clothes which may be worn throughout the day. The problems are many, but like most problems they can be solved by systematic planning.

A NEW TYPE OF COSTUME

The new two-piece suit, which is really a frock with a coat to match, is a very logical solution of one problem. Many women prefer a suit for street wear, and yet long for the advantages of a smart one-piece frock within doors. The sketch at the lower left on page 81 is a very attractive and unusual version of this type of costume. The material may be velours, serge, or broadcloth. Effective turn-back cuffs and a small rolling collar of cream coloured French flannel do service for both the jacket and the frock, as the former is both collarless and cuffless. A single pin-tuck on either side of the front and back of the jacket accentuates the slimness of the silhouette, and pin-tucks radiate from the centre of the collar in front of the blouse and extend under the narrow belt on the tiny apron. Three of these tucks band the long tight sleeve. This frock and jacket may be purchased separately or together. If the jacket is purchased separately, the French flannel collar and cuffs will be supplied without extra charge.

A new idea which covers the same principle as the two-piece suit described above has come to us from Paris. Owing to the lack of taxis or private motors, most people travel in the "Métro"—the Paris subway—, and this has encouraged the popularity of suits. When the Parisienne would be elaborately frocked, she now wears a suit and a lovely soft blouse, often in some brilliant colour. While the conditions are not the same in America, this idea has been adopted with enthusiasm. The most effective of these blouses have aprons and wide girdles which do away with the disjointed look which the usual blouse and skirt combination gives when the jacket is removed. There is another interesting advantage in favour of a blouse of this kind for the woman bent on economy. She may purchase enough of the same material for a simple skirt, and thus have a very attractive costume. The blouse sketched in the lower middle on page 80 is developed in Arlette Krepe—one of the many new fabrics of the season resembling a delicately woven silk jersey but without the propensity of jersey for stretching. A band of chain-stitch embroidery starts at the edge of the apron and extends to either shoulder under the soft yoke-shaped collar. The sleeves are a little longer than three-quarter length and are finished with a deep turned-back cuff. This waist may be had in navy blue with copper colour stitching, henna red with navy blue stitching, and in all henna red. It may also be ordered in any other colour combination.

A warm top-coat of fur or of cloth is a necessity during the winter, and fur is, of course, particularly warm and comfortable. The fur coat shown in the sketch

There is no limit to the amount of war work which one may accomplish in a trim tailored suit with a high collar for warmth and box pleats for freedom; $37.50

It's that bib-like front of bisque colour that makes this blouse of brown, blue, plum, or taupe Georgette crêpe, with a double crêpe collar, so becoming; $7.95

Three bands of serge masquerade as one of the popular new aprons on the front of this collarless serge frock smartly trimmed with narrow black silk braid; $34.50

Even the coldest day will not frighten the war worker who owns a warm fur coat of this convenient length. In a variety of furs; $165 to $190

Even in war times there are moments when one longs for a few frills, and this dainty embroidered blouse of crinkly corn-blue Georgette crêpe supplies them; $9.75

This frock made the most of the shimmery lustre of tricolette by following distinctive lines from its rolled-back collar to its narrow hem; $55

at the upper left on this page is a most serviceable one. The length, thirty-six inches, is an excellent one for walking or for driving a car, and is, also, especially smart this season. The coat is cut simply, with straight seams, and is equally effective with or without the narrow belt. One may have a choice of furs or a combination of furs, and the prices are very moderate. Nutria, either taupe dyed or in natural colour, is priced at $190; Hudson seal, $185; Hudson seal with nutria collar and cuffs, $185; natural northern muskrat, $165; and northern muskrat with Hudson seal collar and cuffs, $175. The linings of these coats are worthy of special mention. They are of the new Tiger Rose designs in pussy-willow. Plain linings in soft silks may also be obtained.

It is difficult to find a cloth top-coat which does not seem to be essentially for sports wear, but the long straight coat sketched at the lower left on this page is so well proportioned that it is not unduly severe and may be worn for general use. The high collar fastens close to the throat with self-covered buttons and is of a type which permits a woman to wear her own scarf or neck-piece. This coat may be ordered in velours, broadcloth, covert cloth, or cheviot.

A SUIT FOR THE WAR WORKER

A very practical suit of fine velours is sketched at the lower left on page 79. The details of this model are unusually good. The well-shaped cuff, the high soft collar, and the pockets are all indicative of careful designing and careful tailoring. Two narrow inverted box pleats in the back of the coat give a feeling of freedom, and yet do not detract from the severity of the silhouette. The choice of colours is unusually wide, as the suit may be had in navy blue, dark brown, rose taupe,

A top-coat that is undaunted by weather or wear, and that is equally at ease with or without a fur piece, is a welcome addition to a wardrobe; $75

Hidden under a businesslike suit, one may be all dressed for a "party" in a soft peplum blouse of Arlette Krepe—one of the new materials; $22.50

Every bit as warm as wool, but guiltless of that much-needed material is this smart and useful frock of gracefully draped black or blue velveteen; $37.50

mouse grey, burgundy, plum colour, or dark green.

The campaign for the conservation of wool is still being carried on vigorously and, for this reason, velvets and velveteens are more popular than ever. The dark brown velveteen frock sketched at the lower right on page 80 has the charm of absolute simplicity. The bodice is swathed gracefully around the figure and fastens with a soft bow at the back, giving a very becoming effect. This frock may also be had in black or in midnight blue. Tricolette is another war-time fabric. It was brought out by the more exclusive houses last spring and has gained almost as firm a foothold as its older sister, wool jersey, although it is still among the higher priced materials. As the beauty of tricolette lies in the sheen and lustre of its loosely woven silk threads, little or no trimming is required, but great care must be taken that the lines of a gown of this material have distinction. The tricolette frock sketched at the upper right on page 80 has this merit and may be had in navy blue, dark brown, or black. The patch pockets and rolled-back collar have small corded loops and self-covered buttons. The back suggests a panel caught in at the waist by means of the girdle.

Because its's washable, this crêpe de Chine negligée is very practical, and because it's becoming, it is still more desirable; $11.75

FOR COLD WINTER DAYS

The wool jersey frock sketched in the lower middle on this page was selected as being especially adapted for war work, for despite one's patriotism, one must have an all wool frock to wear in the bleakest weather. This fabric is, perhaps, the best choice for this purpose as it does not catch lint and dust and will withstand any amount of hard wear. The sleeves are set in on the under-lining and therefore leave the arms comfortably free. One may wear the long fringed stole as illustrated or wrap it around one's throat, muffler fashion. The colours of this frock are taupe and navy blue. Another fabric which never fails to give good service is blue serge. A frock of this material is sketched at the lower right on page 79, illustrating interesting new fashion points. The effect of one of the very popular aprons is achieved by separate bands of the serge edged with narrow black silk braid. Bands are also used on the sleeves, and the becoming neck-line is finished with a small collar which rolls high at the back.

A black or dark blue satin gown is charming for more formal wear, especially for the theatre or for dinner at a restaurant. The use of sheer sleeves of Georgette crêpe with the heavy satin of the frock is effective, as may be seen in the sketch at the lower right on this page. These sleeves are unusually full and are caught in at the wrist with a narrow cuff. The wide fold of satin which forms the girdle crosses at the back and is tied in a loose knot over the cleverly draped tunic.

A practical negligée which may be laundered innumerable times is sketched at the top on this page. It is of a very good quality of crêpe de Chine in old-rose, pink, Copenhagen blue, or light blue. The slight suggestion of a sleeve is given by a fold of material which finishes the armhole.

A VARIETY OF SMART DRESSES

The blouse sketched at the bottom on page 79 is essentially a blouse to be worn with a tailored suit. It is made in a combination of colours in Georgette crêpe. The blouse itself is of brown with the bib-like front of bisque colour. The small sailor collar is of double Georgette crêpe and is finished at the back with a narrow pleating of the bisque colour to correspond with the cuffs. Other colour combinations in which the blouse may be obtained are navy blue with bisque, plum colour with bisque, and taupe with bisque.

For the woman who prefers a frilly blouse the model sketched at the top on page 80 is a good selection. The material is a very sheer and peculiarly crinkled Georgette crêpe in corn-flower blue. The wide collar is tucked in such a manner that it becomes a cascaded jabot. Scallops and square dots embroidered in heavy white silk thread trim both the collar and cuffs. This blouse also comes in grey with white embroidery and in navy blue with grey embroidery. The sketch at the top on page 79, shows a very good value in a washable silk blouse with a collar which may be worn high or low. It may be had in La Jerz, a fabric resembling a closely woven non-stretchable faille jersey, or Chami-rose, a new and very heavy silk on the order of a soft taffeta. This model is particularly good for wear with a tailored suit.

It looks like a suit when one wears it on the street, but indoors, without the coat, it becomes a smart becoming frock. coat, $45; frock, $50; costume, $95

A useful wool jersey frock is one exception to war-time rules and regulations that a coal-less winter necessitates and a smart woman enjoys; $38.50

Theatres an drestaurants are going to be well patronized by satin frocks this winter, but by none more charming than this with Georgette crêpe sleeves; $39.50

DE STRELECKI

A War Play for Marie Doro

Who Is Returning to the Legitimate Stage in "The Amazing Interlude," a Drama Based on the Novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart

This little collection of the ultimate words in Allied millinery fashions represents but one of the minor activities of our heroine. It shows how the soldiers of all the Allies have, individually and collectively, taken off their hats to the American débutante

On Monday, our heroine meets a British officer, and artlessly tells him how she just loves those cunning little swagger sticks. The sketch shows the gallant officer's immediate response to the clarion call of duty

On Wednesday, an Anzac comes into her life, and she explains to him how futile it is for any girl to attempt to struggle along without a cartridge belt. He is shown relinquishing all personal claims to the belt

A close-up of Tuesday's big adventure,—our dauntless heroine meets a captain in the Bersaglieri, at tea in the Ritz, and insists on trying on his hat. Of course, when he sees how becoming it is, he couldn't think of asking her to return it

A Scottish officer is on Thursday's schedule. With characteristic Scotch generosity, he presents her with his kilt—from behind the chaste barrier of a "new-art" screen

Friday's event is a French officer, whose boots are the one thing to make her life complete. He immediately evacuates them, leaving her in undisputed possession

And on Saturday, the end of a perfect week, she cleverly puts together all the little things she has picked up, and appears in the tout ensemble,—to put it colloquially

Collecting Uniforms—a New Sport for Débutantes

Sketches by Gordon Conway

THERE is no more absorbing and instructive pastime than making a collection of souvenirs of the Great War. After the war is over, no self-respecting home will be able to consider itself complete without its own display of mementos of the time when there really was a Kaiser. It isn't even necessary to go to the front in order to pick up things; any débutante can, simply by cultivating her natural gifts, amass a remarkably complete collection of parts of the uniforms worn by the various Allies. These sketches show how really elementary it is for any ordinarily talented débutante, now that our city is so full of visiting officers, to gather up a large assortment of objects of great military interest. It is particularly interesting for a girl to collect segments of uniforms; she can assemble them into a sort of composite uniform for herself. It's no wonder all the officers of the Allies, now in our midst, enthusiastically agree that our débutantes have such taking ways. It took the heroine of this page but one short week to collect all these things—but then, she is an unusually fast worker.

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

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France Defiant

Irene Castle, in Another of Ben Ali Haggin's Stirring and Patriotic Tableaux

A NEW YORK critic recently attributed the success of Mr. Haggin's tableaux, solely to the public's eager absorption in all matters that bear directly upon the War. Vogue hastens to remark that the gentleman in question has only stated half of the truth. As a matter of fact, the popularity of the pictures has been largely due to the artistry and skill with which Mr. Haggin conceived, posed and lighted them. Twenty years ago, in New York, two artists of nation-wide distinction—John Alexander and William M. Chase—developed this type of theatrical entertainment to a high degree of artistic perfection. Thanks to them, tableaux were, in those days, extremely popular in New York. Since their time, however, no artist of high rank—with the infrequent exceptions of Baron de Meyer and Albert Sterner—has given anything like serious attention to the direction and production of *tableaux vivants*. An entirely new impetus has at last been imparted to the art by Mr. Haggin, a painter who had already proved himself a master in the realm of pageantry, costuming and stage decoration.

America Has Surprised Germany

Accomplishments Which Are Causing the Teutonic Powers Distinct Uneasiness

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

IT would appear as if Germany had miscalculated and misrepresented every activity that America was destined to display in the war. When, after the conflict is all over, she comes to take stock of America's part in it, she will realize how fatal was her blundering, and how little she understood where her greatest peril lay. Here are some of the details.

FIRST of all, Germany—as a result of our intervention—has lost South America. She was fully confident that, even if we entered the war, the influence which she had built up in Latin America, through trade and intrigue, could not be destroyed. On September 1, 1915, at the meeting of the Economic Union for South and Central America, in Berlin, the Teutonic head of that body, Herr Meschke, said: "South and Central America are Germany's greatest assets overseas."

To-day, Cuba, Guatemala, Brazil, Costa Rica and Panama are at war with Germany. Three republics—Honduras, Bolivia and Nicaragua—have severed diplomatic relations with her, while Peru is extremely resentful and restless.

Germany despised American diplomacy. She called it "shirtsleeved" and "untrained", and regarded it as no match for her own: but, already, the confidence of Latin America has been won by Washington's diplomacy and even Mexico—which Germany was beginning to regard as a suburb of Berlin—has quieted down and is now no longer a menace to us.

GERMANY was perfectly well aware, in April, 1917, when we declared war, that our naval forces, all told, consisted of only 82,000 men; our army, all told, of 202,000, and that we had but 9,500 officers of any sort in our service. Our naval forces now consist of about 400,000 men; the army of over 3,000,000 and we have, to-day, over 124,000 officers in service.

The German authorities knew that, in the two and a half years in which we had been waiting to go into the war, no preparations had been made here to create and train an army of any sort, and so thought that it would be impossible for the United States to figure as a real military menace in her path.

As a matter of fact, through the energy of our engineers, 22,000 separate buildings or cantonments, were put up in the four months succeeding our declaration of war, and the rest of all our camp and cantonment work has been done at the same high rate of speed.

Germany laughed at the idea of our taking a big army abroad, in a reasonable time, because she deemed our physical shipping and feeding difficulties a sufficient bar to such an accomplishment, quite apart from her U-boat peril.

OF the 1,500,000 odd men sent over by us, up to August, 1918, 40 per cent were conveyed in American ships, the rest were carried in British vessels. Five tons of cargo space were provided for the food and equipment of every soldier carried across to France. Every ounce of food and material had to be sent from this country. The average length of the trip, for men and supplies, is—for sea transport—about three thousand five hundred miles, and, for land transport, nearly a thousand miles more, a total distance of 4,500 miles. From the beginning, the supplies have been sufficient to last the men for three months. As the army grows, the vast machine has to grow with it. But this problem—the transportation and supplying, of a force of this size over such a distance, is the greatest problem ever successfully solved by a country at war.

The convoy system, employed to guard our transports, has been so effective that the losses from enemy attack on the eastward journey have not reached a dozen lives.

Germany, accustomed to her own great military railroad system (constructed, in the course of forty years, with this war in view), had no idea that if America got an army across, it could be handled there with celerity, by Americans.

As a matter of fact, a once sleepy French port has been converted into a great American seaport, with huge docking facilities. Enough tracks have been laid down across France, to make up a respectable railroad system. From the place of debarkation to the United States concentration points inland, American is the language—if it *is* a language—of France. In spite of the stories set agoing by German propagandists, to the effect that the natives of France really resent the way in which so many Americans make themselves at home in their land, the French have welcomed our men like brothers, and have not even resented the sign boards in our language, and all the other indications of our friendly invasion.

GERMANS used to remark maliciously that the American flag, flying over a merchant ship, was a sight so rare as to excite wonder and surprise. They did not imagine that our entry into the war would make our standard as familiar in the seven seas, as theirs had been before the Allied fleets swept them completely off the ocean.

Between April 6, 1917, and April of this year we built, or put in service, 186 vessels, including monsters like the Leviathan and other Kaiser ships of the German fleet interned in the Hudson and elsewhere, that were the gems of the Kaiser's passenger and trading marine. No less than 1,400 steel and wooden ships have been contracted for by our Government. A hundred and fifty have been built and launched, over 90 of them, with high ceremony on July the Fourth last. Our ship-building yards have increased from 70 to 151. Two of the plants will soon be larger than any on the Clyde, or at Belfast. The Pacific coast is running neck and neck with the East. A number of old yards have been doubled and trebled in capacity, while the number of workmen employed in what was an inactive craft has increased from 43,000 to 200,000 men, with fresh hands flocking into the business every day.

In April, 1917, our naval service had 300 ships, of all classes. It now has 1,400. There are 150 destroyers with Admiral Sims' fleet in European waters, mostly engaged in patrol work on the Irish and French coasts and in the Atlantic.

GERMANY also nursed the delusion that Congress would hesitate to place the railroads of this country under the control of the President. At the present moment the 400 separate lines in the United States are being used primarily for war purposes, under the direction of the Railway Administrator, and the great telegraph and telephone systems are public property.

Germany, and German sympathisers in America, have systematically tried to interfere with the floating of loans, especially those that were intended to aid our Allies.

This met with such slight success that the first sum of public money mentioned by Congress, to cover the future needs of ourselves and our friends abroad, was $20,000,000,000. Of this sum, $10,000,000,000 was raised in the first year. Half of this went to Great Britain. The working agreement has been that England is to "lean" on us, and the other Allies are to "lean" on her. The success of the three Liberty Loans, and the sums realized through the sale of War Savings Stamps, must have convinced the Germans that the American people are supporting their Government, not because they have to, but because they want to, and that there is no need to hold any of them up by the heels in order to shake the money out of their pockets. By this time, the fact has become patent that America's willingness is as unlimited as American means.

GERMANY hoped that labor in America would be "pacifist" or, at any rate, favorable to such a German scheme as "Peace by negotiation." The fact is that labor in the United States is enthusiastically for "Peace by Victory," and by no softer way. Only a few of the Socialists take the other tack, and they have been deserted by some of their most conspicuous and most able leaders, like Charles E. Russell and John Spargo. The latter has done valuable war work. He has also helped to unmask the false pretences of the Irish and Russian Bolsheviki on this side of the Atlantic. Labor has been consulted. Wages have been made high in war industries. What little there has been in the way of sabotage is of German origin. Strikes have been few. The control which the leaders have been able to exercise over the mass of laboring people is surprising when it is considered that only some 17 per cent of the "working population," so called, is organized.

The other day, in Germany, Prince Salmhorstmar compared the German "aristocratic" spirit with what he regarded as the vulgar American "democratic" spirit.

He might have pointed out one contrast in the conduct produced by the two spirits, but he failed to do so. The high-minded aristocratic Germans starved and robbed the inhabitants of every small country that they overran. But the selfish Americans have been feeding the Belgians, and the Armenians and the Serbians. In spite of the pressure of his work as Chief Food Administrator of all the Allies, Mr. Herbert C. Hoover has succeeded in keeping up the system of relief established by him in Belgium before this country became an active participant in the war. (*Continued on page 105*)

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

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Belgium Stricken

Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, in a Tableau, Conceived and Produced by Her Husband

ONE of the interesting developments of the dramatic season has been the extraordinary success scored by Ben Ali Haggin's tableaux—which have been shown both at the Follies and at the Midnight Frolic. These poetic and admirably conceived pictures have certainly deserved the high degree of critical approval which they at once achieved. As art, they have been irreproachable; as propaganda, they must have been highly efficacious. We show, on these pages, two of the tableaux which have never failed to astonish and arouse the audiences at the New Amsterdam. An added interest is imparted to the above pictures because of the fact that Mrs. Haggin and Mrs. Castle generously consented to step into the frames for us—on one occasion only—in place of the members of the Follies who ordinarily enact these characters. The Belgian tableau is, from the point of view of art, particularly noteworthy. In it Mr. Haggin has striven to achieve the effect of a flat lighting. His purpose—in which he has admirably succeeded—has been to give to the tableau group, a canvas, or painter-like glow.

The Views of a Frenchman, in War Time

Thoughts on Truth, Doctors, Lawyers, Literature, Youth, Woman, and Other Trifles

By GEORGES COURTELINE

M. GEORGES COURTELINE has not been soured by the war. He is cheerful about to-day, and confident about to-morrow, as befits a literary descendant of Doctor Rabelais and M. Pascal. This witty Frenchman, the author of "Le Train de 8 h. 47" and "La Conversion d'Alceste" has always hated war. But he has loved this war, because he thinks that it will lift a thousand threatening clouds from civilization everywhere

MY creed—the further I go the more I believe only in what I do not understand, and the more luminous appears to me the saying of Saint Augustin: *Credo quia absurdum* (I believe, because it is absurd).

LOVE—"How delightful is love," says the old song. Quite right. Love is delightful, but much less for what it gives us than for what it leads us to hope for.

TRUTH—Truth is made up of an accumulation of legends, which fathers pass on to their sons as family heirlooms, and which become, insensibly and slowly, the armor of the human family.

A WORD TO THE COCKSURE—It is indispensable, in every discussion, to put oneself in the point of view from which one's adversary looks at the question. It is necessary to fight him with his own weapons, on his own ground—in his *corner!*

THE VERITIES—I do not believe that a philosophic truth exists, to which one cannot reply victoriously; with Montaigne, "What do I know?"—with Rabelais, "Perhaps!"—or with Doctor Marphurius, "It is doubtful. It may be so. There is nothing impossible about it."

THE TARDINESS OF JUSTICE—The advantage one has of being on the side of the truth is that one ends, inevitably, by being in the right. That is the theory, at any rate. Some one (Gambetta, I think) once talked of "imminent Justice." Unfortunately Justice is not imminent, she is lame, and drags her legs. Life, alas, moves along, faster than Justice. Crime would always be punished and virtue rewarded if Death did not intervene at every moment, putting the adversaries at agreement, and closing the record of the case. All of which is really too bad.

OURSELVES—If we had to tolerate in others all that we permit in ourselves, life would cease to be bearable.

THE PRUSSIAN IDEA OF TRUTH—One day, Bismarck, in his cups, made a remark which all Prussia accepted seriously. It was an observation which will lead her to destruction. "Might makes right," said Bismarck. That was a truth of an hour, of a moment; and any truth which is not eternal, is no truth at all. Might has so little to do with Right that in no case does it beget it; while Right, on the contrary, always ends by begetting Might, which then becomes a veritable wall of defence.

TRUTH AND DIPLOMACY—In diplomacy the height of astuteness is to tell the truth. Perhaps this is so; perhaps not; it is possible, yet nothing is less certain. The same rule applies to this as to everything else. The height of astuteness, for a diplomatist, really, is to tell the truth when people think that you are not telling it, and not to tell it when they believe that you are.

HABIT—It is easier to change one's religion than one's coffee.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST—I wonder at the assurance with which the psychologist walks calmly into the mind of some one, and describes its contents, as he would do in the case of an apartment, the proprietor of which had gone out leaving the key in the door.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—The display of tenderness in man towards the brute beast is the first indication of his superiority over it.

FUTURE AND PRESENT—Reactions always correspond with the events which produce them. A war the length and cruelty of which will cause the civilized world the best of its blood and the bitterest of its tears, will end, inevitably, in years of peace, which will follow other years of peace, and still other years of peace! . . . And while the years go on, ideas, great and just ideas, will advance. Then, one day, without our knowing exactly why, the miracle will be accomplished. A generation will be there, enlightened, regarding the past, in silence, with eyes that do not understand.

THE WAR—This abominable war, which, in the course of so many years has been throwing men into the grave as pagan superstition used to throw children into the arms of Moloch—this war which has drowned with tears the eyes of so many mothers, poor widows and young sweethearts, will it be the last to torment the world? That is my wish, my hope, my belief! In any case, those who take part in it, should take a good look at it, as I am confident that they will never have a chance to see anything like it again.

THE DOCTOR—A medical man exercises over me a double influence which I cannot control. He frightens me, and does not reassure me. If he says: "You have such and such a disease," I believe him. If he says to me: "I shall cure you," I do not believe him.

Woman never sees what is being done for her, but she invariably notices what is not being done for her

THE SPECIALIST AND THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER—The little doctor is preferable to the great one, in the sense that he is less to be feared. Not having ideas, the little one is free from the temptation to make them triumph at any cost, while the other will experiment with his, tranquilly, up to the moment when the approach of the catastrophe opens his eyes to the immensity of the error which he mistook for the truth.

YOUTH—I was born to stay young, and I have had this advantage, that I recognized the fact the day I ceased to be young.

HOW TO USE YOUTH—It were better that one should spoil his youth than do nothing with it.

MODERATION—It is with Bohemia as it is with alcohol, or tobacco, or women: we must not go too far. I contend that, taken in reason, Bohemia is the most charming, often the wisest of companions.

WOMAN—A woman never realizes what a man does for her: she only realizes what he fails to do.

FEMININE TALK—Why is it that, in a group of women chattering like birds, the conversation stops when a man appears on the scene?

THE MOST BRUTAL OF MALES—Man is the only animal who beats his female. He is then the most brutal of males—unless woman is the most trying of females—an hypothesis in favor of which something might be said.

A LITERARY DELIGHT—To pass for an idiot in the eyes of an imbecile is a pleasure fit for an epicure.

IN THE SKY—Four peaks rise out of the work of Molière, *Amphitryon, George Daudin, L'Ecole des Femmes* and *Tartuffe*. But higher than these four summits, very high in the blue, an eagle soars: It is *Le Misanthrope*.

FRANCE WOULD NOT BE FRANCE—It would have been a great loss for us if we had had no Racine, but France would not be France if Corneille had never been born.

DISTRUST OF LITERATURE—I am divided between the cult of Literature and the distrust which it inspires in me the moment it puts its nose into places where it has no business. It is sufficient for me to detect in an historian the slightest literary touch: that moment, as if by instinct I distrust his veracity.

JUSTICE AND LAW—Justice has nothing in common with Law, which is a deformed image, a parody, of Justice. Justice and Law are half sisters, born of different fathers, who spit in each others faces, reflect, each one, on the legitimacy of the other, and live at daggers drawn, while decent people, menaced by the police, twist their thumbs, waiting for the two to come to an agreement.

THE TWO RIGHTS—They say blandly that in France, as in every civilized country, there are two kinds of Right, "Good right" and "Legal right," and that this *modus vivendi* compels the magistrates to have two consciences; one for the service of humanity, the other for the service of the law.

Anna Pavlowa

Now in South America

From a photograph —by F. M. Steadman—taken in Caracas, Venezuela, during her visit there

A Few Just Complaints About the War

Criticisms of the Way in Which it is Being Conducted

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

NO patriotic man would care to lift up his voice against the Government in war time. Personally, I should not want to give utterance to *anything* in the way of criticism. But the complaints which are presented below have come to me, unsought and unsolicited, and represent such a variety of sources and such just and unselfish points of view that I think it proper to offer them to the public.

I give them, just as they have come to me, without modifications of any sort.

The just complaint of Mr. Threadler, my tailor, as expressed while measuring me for my Win-the-War autumn suit.

"COMPLAINT, sir? Oh, no, we have no complaint to make in our line of business, none whatever (*forty-two, Mr. Jephson*). It would hardly become us to complain (*side pockets, Mr. Jephson*). But we think, perhaps, it is rather a mistake for the Government (*thirty-three on the leg*) to encourage the idea of economy in dress. Our attitude is that the well dressed man (*a little fuller in the chest? Yes, a little fuller in the chest, please, Mr. Jephson*) is better able to serve his country than the man who goes about in an old suit. The motto of our trade is *Thrift with Taste*. It was made up in our spring convention of five hundred members, in a four day sitting. We feel it to be (*twenty-eight*) very appropriate. Our feeling is that a gentleman wearing one of our thrift worsteds under one of our Win-the-War light overcoats (*Mr. Jephson, please show that new Win-the-War overcoating*) is really helping to keep things going. We like to reflect, sir (*nothing in shirtings, today?*) that we're doing our bit, too, in presenting to the enemy an undisturbed nation of well dressed men. Nothing else, sir? The week after next? Ah! If we can, sir! but we're greatly rushed with our new and patriotic Thrift orders. Good morning, sir."

The just complaint of Madame Pavalucini, the celebrated contralto. As interviewed incidentally in the palm-room of The Slitz Hotel, over a cup of tea (one dollar), French Win-the-War pastry (one fifty) and Help-the-Navy cigarettes (fifty).

"I WOULD not want to creetecize ze gouvermen', ah! non! That would be what you call a skonk treeck, hein?" (*Madame Pavalucini comes from Missouri, and dares not talk any other kind of English than this, while on tour, with any strangers listening*). "But, I ask myself, ees it not just a leetle wrong to discourage and tax ze poor artistes? We are doing our beet, hein? We seeng, we recite! I seeng so many beautiful sings to ze soldiers; sings about love, and youth, and passion, and spring and kisses. And the men are carried off their feet. They rise. They rush to the war. I have *seen* them, in my patriotic concerts where I accept nothing but my expenses and my fee and give all that is beyond to the war. Only last night one arose, right in the front rank—the *fauteuils d'orchestre*, I do not know how you call them in English. 'Let me out of zis,' he scream, 'me for the war! Me for the trenches!' Was it not magnifique—what you call splendide, hein?

"And then ze gouvermen' come and tell me I must pay zem ten thousan' dollars, when I make only seexty thousan' dollars at ze opera! Anozzer skonk treeck, hein?"

The just complaint of Mr. Grunch, income tax payer, from information imparted over his own port wine, after dinner.

"NO, I shouldn't want to complain: I mean, in any way that would reach the outside,—reach it, that is, in connection with my name. Though I think that the thing ought to be said by *somebody*. I think *you* might say it. (Let me pour you out another glass of this Conquistador: yes, it's the old '87: but I suppose we'll never get any more of it on this side: they say that the rich Spaniards are making so much money they're buying up every cask of it and it will never be exported again. Just another illustration of the way that the war hits everybody alike). But, as I was saying, I think if *you* were to raise a complaint about the income tax, you'd find the whole country,—I mean all the men with incomes,—behind you. I don't suppose they'd want you to mention their names. But they'd be *behind* you, see? They'd all be there. (Will you try one of these Googoolias? They're the very best, but I guess we'll never see them again. They say the rich Cubans are buying them up. So the war hits us there, too.) As I see it, the income tax is the greatest mistake the government ever made. It hits the wrong man. It falls on the man with an income and lets the other man escape. The way I look at it, and the way all the men that will be behind you look at it, is that if a man sticks tight to it and goes on earning all the income he can, he's doing his bit, in his own way, to win the war. All we ask is to be let alone (don't put that in your notes as from *me*, but *you* can say it), let us alone to go on quietly piling up income till we get the Germans licked. But if you start to take away our income, you discourage us, you knock all the patriotism out of us. To my mind, a man's income and his patriotism are the same thing. But, of course, don't say that *I* said that."

The just complaint of my barber, as expressed in the pauses of his operations.

"I'M not saying nothing against the Government (*any facial massage this morning?*) I guess they know their own business, or they'd ought to, anyway. But I kick at all this talk against the barber business in war time (*will I singe them ends a bit?*). The papers are full of it, all the time. I don't see much else in them. Last week I saw where a feller said that all the barber shops ought to be closed up (*bay rum?*) till the war was over. Say, I'd like to have him right here in this chair with a razor at his throat, the way I have you! As I see it, the barber business is the most necessary business in the whole war. A man'll get along without everything else, just about, but he can't get along without a shave, can he?—or not without losing all the pep and self respect that keeps him going. They say them fellers over in France has to shave every morning by military order: if they didn't the Germans would have 'em beat. I say the barber is doing his bit as much as any man. I was to Washington four months last winter, and I done all the work of three senators and two congressmen (*will I clip that neck?*) and I done the work of a United States Admiral every Saturday night. If that ain't war work, show me what is. But I don't kick, I just go along. If a man appreciates what I do, and likes to pay a little extra for it, why so much the better, but if he's low enough to get out of this chair you're in and walk off without giving a cent more than he has to, why let him go. But, sometimes, when I get thinking about all this outcry about barber's work in war time, I feel like following the man to the door and slitting his throat for him. . . . Thank you, sir; thank you, sir. Good morning. Next!"

The just complaint of Mr. Singlestone;—formerly Mr. Einstein, Theatre Proprietor.

"I WOULD be the last man, the very last, to say one word against the Government. I think they are doing fine. I think the boys in the trenches are doing fine. I think the nation is doing fine. But, if there's just one thing where they're wrong, it's in the matter of the theatres. I think it would be much better for the Government not to attempt to cut down or regulate theatres in any way. The theatre is the people's recreation. It builds them up. It's all part of a great machine to win the war. I like to stand in the box office and see the money come in and feel that the theatre is doing its bit. But, mind you, I think the President is doing fine, and I think Mr. Roosevelt is doing fine. So, all I say is, I think the theatres ought to be allowed to do fine, too."

The just complaint of Mr. Silas Heck, farmer, as interviewed by me, incognito, at the counter of the Gold Dollar Saloon.

"YES, sir, I say the Government's in the wrong, and I don't care who hears me. (Say, is that feller in the slick overcoat, listening? Let's move along a little further). They're right to carry on the war for all the nation is worth. That's sound and I'm with 'em. But they ought not to take the farmer offen his farm. There I'm agin them. The farmer is the one man necessary for the country. They say they want bacon for the Allies. Well, the way I look at it is, if you want bacon, you need hogs. And if there are no men left in the country like me, what'll you do for hogs!

"Thanks, was you paying for that? I guess we won't have another, eh? Two of them things might be bad for a feller."

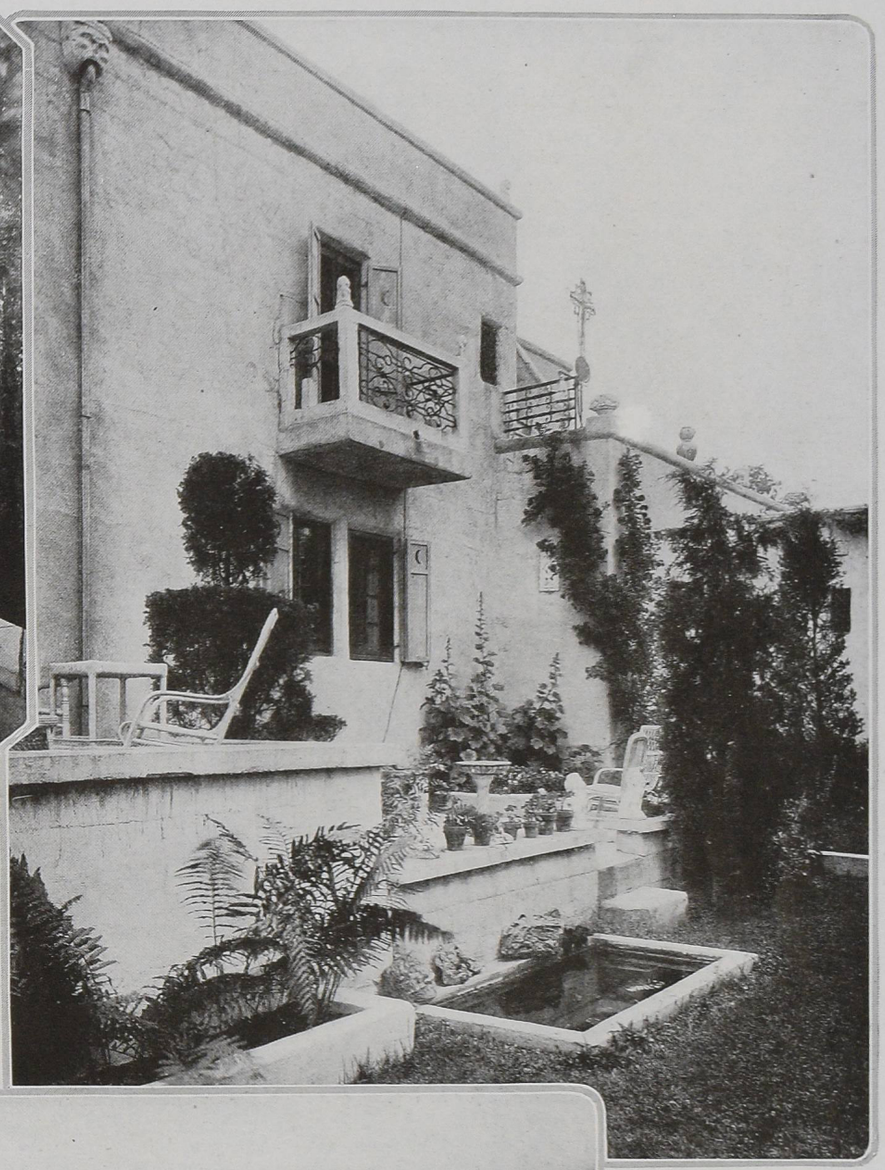
SO, when I listen to the complaints of this sort that rise on every side, I am glad that I am not President of the United States. It's just as well that neither Colonel Roosevelt nor myself was elected to the office. We should have lost our tempers and landed out, with a club, at the head of war-time Selfishness.

At the same time I *do* think that the Government makes a mistake in taxing the profits of the poor magazine writers under the absurd name of *INCOME*. But let that go. The Kaiser would probably treat us worse.

Gillies

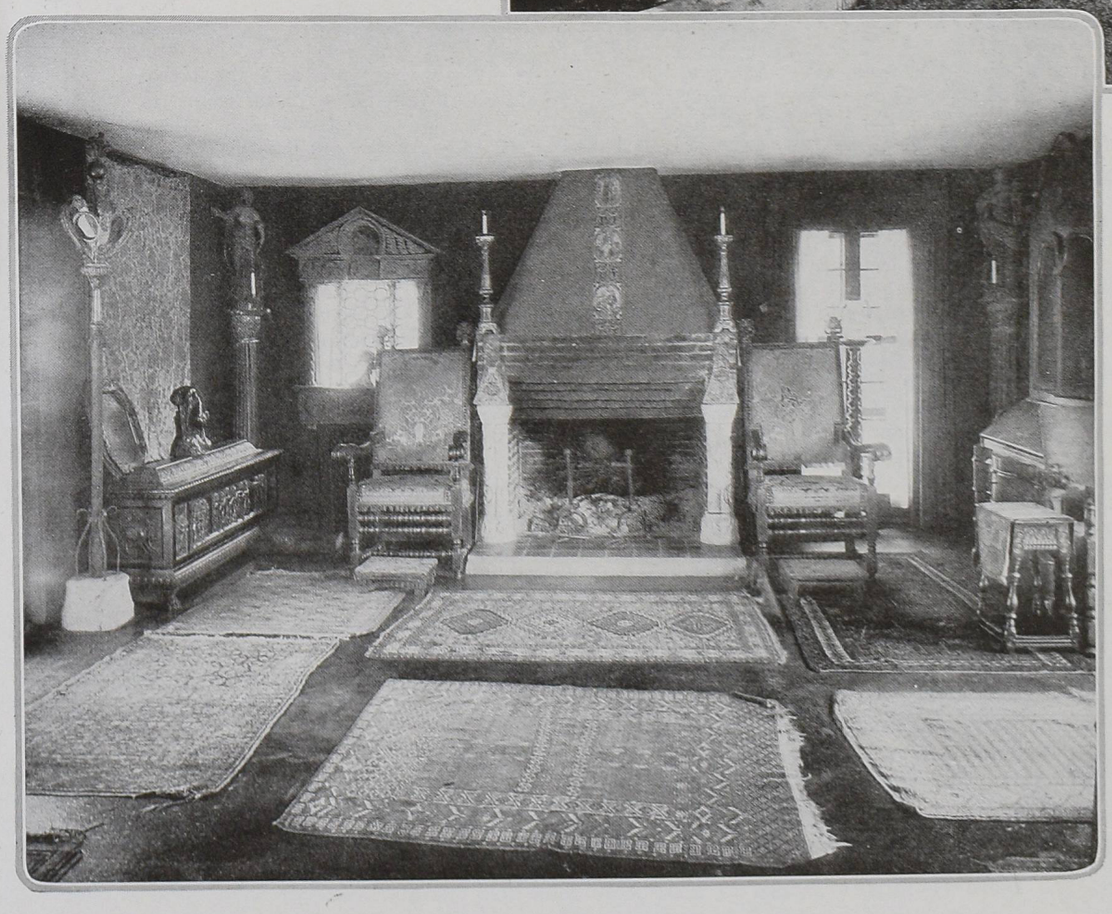
SO IS A LITTLE POOL TO A GARDEN

A jewel on a woman's hand, a bright vase in a quiet room, so is a little pool to a garden. The seasons may come and go,—flowers fade and die, shrubs turn brown, leaves fall, house walls stand gaunt, paths be hard to the feet and wind raw to the cheeks, still the little pool mirrors the sky and the fountain trickles its pizzicato through the autumn days



Between the terrace and the house is a pergola, with heavy cement pillars and floor in contrast to the classic beauty of the terrace balustrade. A rustic roof establishes the spirit of Italia

The main room is a combined living and dining room. Black walls bring out effectively the red and yellow of the antique furniture and the rich brocades. The whole setting is unusual



Like a bit of Italy is Villa D' Amicenza, and altogether at home in its New England setting. Into its construction has been introduced antique details that enrich the exterior. The soft gray of the walls is accented by the black of wrought iron and the blue of Venetian blinds

VILLA D'AMICENZA

The Residence of
Harrison Rennett, Esq.

WESTON, MASS.

THE SUSTAINED POPULARITY *of the* LONG TABLE

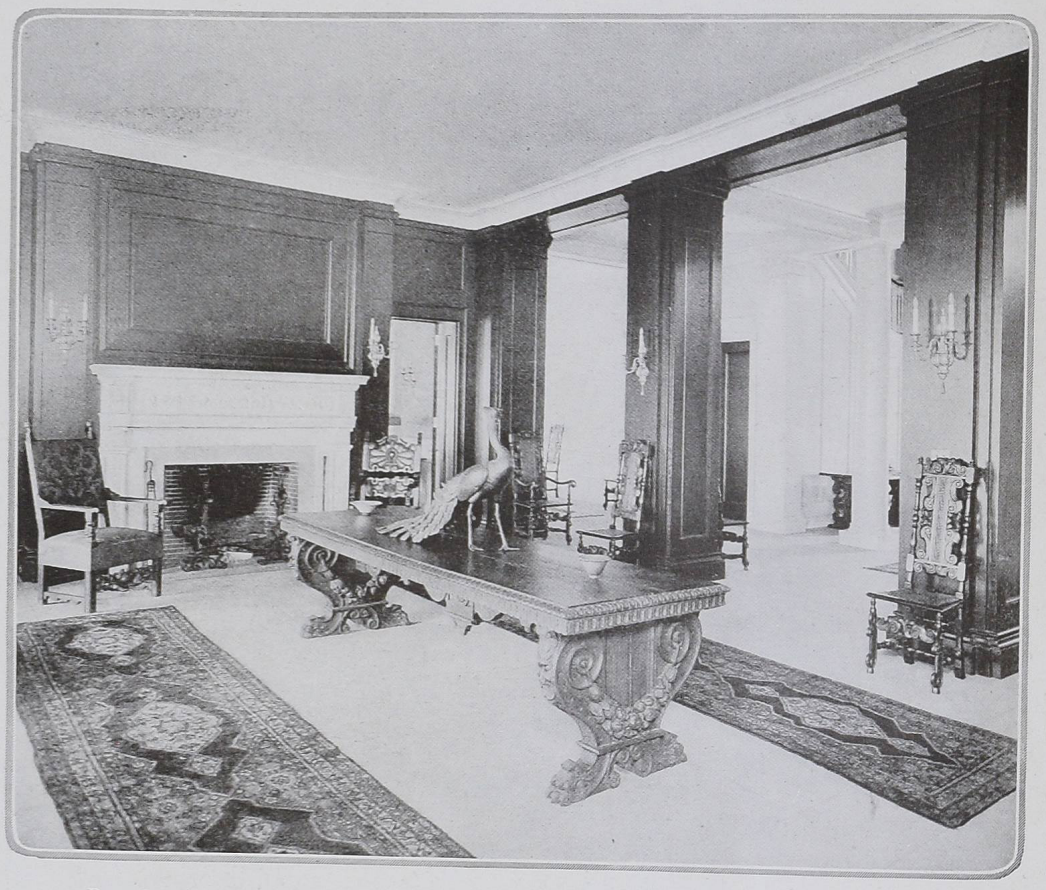
Its Utilitarian Value and Possibilities in Decoration Have Established It as a Household Necessity

W. G. WOODS

DAME FASHION decrees the designs of our dining tables just as she does our frocks, our hats and our furniture.

We may have grown accustomed to moving in a groove—to using the same style that was the vogue in our grandmother's day when the round or oval table, polished or covered, seemed the only proper type. But who would be content with such monotony? Surely, the vogue of the refectory table, redolent with its association of monastic and baronial days, is a happy relief. Besides, the refectory table affords so many fascinating possibilities in decoration.

In the four illustrations here we see demonstrated its quick adaptability not only to the dining room but to the hall and library where antiques and reproductions of antiques are grouped.



Even in a large reception hall the long table is the dominant piece of furniture. This example is remarkable for its carving and the rich tone of the wood. A bronze peacock adds interest

The happiest results in furnishing can be achieved through the consistent use of a long table. It is superior to a small, cluttered table or a number of tables. In a room of average size the refectory table will dominate—and to the good of the other furniture. Make no mistake about that, and remember it when you plan to buy a long table. Its very dignified simplicity demands equally dignified and simple furnishings about it.

Their Romantic Past

These long tables were in use as far back as feudal times. In those days, it will be remembered, the whole household, including servants, sat down at the same board. Your position in relation to the salt cellar decided your social status. Would that social distinctions were so easily marked today! There was a fine democracy about the Middle Ages, a truer democracy, one is often tempted to feel, than the democracy of today. The long table stood as a symbol for it.

It has other associations, to be sure. We can see the cowled figures that sat about these old boards, eating in silence while the lector read from a tome of the saints' lives. We can see it in the manorial hall when the hunts folks gathered around it after the chase, and piled on it their trophies and sat about to drink of steaming punch. And we can see it—in our own, steam-heated homes, thanks to Dame Fashion, who has revived it for our delight.

The earliest tables of this design were made of oak, and were used in England and France; later on they were copied in Italy and Southern England, being constructed of long walnut boards laid on trestles and devoutly polished so that no spot showed on their surface. They varied in length and width, but were generally from 6′ to 8′ long and from 2′ to 4′ wide. Many of them in castellated homes were very rich in carving, to harmonize with the magnificent furniture in vogue especially during the reign of Louis XIV.

Our forefathers copied the idea in our early American homes where furniture was scant. They devised the "Table Borde"—plain lengths of pine or oak fastened together and laid upon rude trestles. They were thus made removable because in many Colonial homes the kitchen was also the living room and these tables occupied too much space for permanency.

Although many are cleverly imitated, the antiques cannot be reproduced in such graceful designs and it is perfectly possible to determine the old from the new. Generally they are finished in walnut or mahogany, polished every day that they may shine without trace of stain.

Types of Tables

Elaborately carved bases are fitting for the dining room where the furniture is equally ornate, but the plain top is in better taste for use in long narrow dining rooms where old oak pieces are used for setting. It is perfectly admissable to shorten the "long borde" table to fit the size of the room, and the supports can be either trestles or legs, to make it fall in with the type of furniture used.

The selection will depend, of course, on the house and the room itself. A farmhouse interior is wrongly treated if richly carved pieces are used. Far better is it to purchase two lengths of either oak or hard pine. Sandpaper them to proper smoothness adding a filler and finishing with wax well and regularly rubbed in. Such a table can be made by a village carpenter and it is much more fitting than a richly carved and expensive antique would be.

The bench companion to the long table is not so readily found, although reproductions are aplenty. It has been replaced by chairs of the same period as the tables. These are generally covered with leather or velvet to match the color scheme of the room. But one should be careful in "matching" a long table and its chairs to any color scheme, for, as was said above, a refectory table is a dominant piece of furniture; it is the most important object in the room of average size and anything which detracts from its dignity only ruins the effect of the interior.

And that brings us to the subject of what objects should be placed on the refectory table. That depends entirely on the use to which the table is put. We may consider each class separately.

For the Living Room

In the living room: Here the refectory table can be backed up to the davenport which faces the hearth, or, if a davenport is placed on either side the fireplace, a table can be placed behind each of them. Or again, with a davenport at either side, the table can be placed at the farther end, making a fireplace enclosure. In any of these positions it can serve for magazines, books and writing. Such accessories as lamp shades and correspondence fitments will be according to the decoration of the room or one's personal taste.

There is a subtle affinity between an oak board and wrought iron and crude pottery. All three bear the maker's mark of individuality. Hence pottery bowls—such as the Italian Capri ware—or wrought candlelabra harmonize perfectly with such a table. The

Even in the small dining room where the other furniture is Colonial the refectory table harmonizes pleasantly

wrought iron may be enriched with gold or antiqued color rubbed into its turnings. Somehow, silver does not quite harmonize with the rough planks of an antique refectory table. It does, however, with the more ornate and meticulously carved types that bear a heavy polish. Perhaps it is merely a matter of taste.

The shape of the refectory table almost connotes a balanced arrangement of accessories—a pair of lamps, a pair of vases, a pair of candlesticks, a pair of book racks and spreads of magazines. A central group, in scale with the terminal group, will give the eye a sense of harmony.

In the hallway lamps and a piece of bronze statuary will suffice for decorative accessories, with a bowl of flowers in season. The hall table should be kept fairly clear save in a hall that serves also as reception room, where magazines and books can be laid out.

Dining Room Vases

In the dining room the between-meals dress of a refectory table should be either candles or candelabra with a strip of filet or linen with filet inserts in the center, laid across the boards to break the long line. A pottery bowl with flowers will add a touch of color. A strip of rich damask bordered in antiqued galloon may also be used.

Apropos of this let me mention an abominable practice that one stumbles on occasionally. I have found, in some dining rooms, a strip of plate glass laid over the refectory table and beneath it stretched a piece of the fabric that serves for curtains. This completely robs the refectory table of all its original beauty. Of course, it is easier to rub off plate glass after a meal, but such shirking doesn't go with refectory tables. Wax and elbow grease—an abundance of the latter—should be applied regularly to the table top and any such pretty nonsense as a piece of fabric and a strip of plate glass, smacking of office desks, is an offense to good taste. One may have it in a summer cottage where the housework should be light, never in a dignified dining room, such as the refectory fits.

Following Precedent

Remember that the refectory table was a bare table in its original environment, and that such enrichments as have been given it in the course of time were made solely to add to its greater dignity. With this in mind you cannot go very far wrong in the selection of the other furniture in the room and in the treatment of the table itself. With few other types of furniture will a violation of historical associations be more disastrous than here. The refectory table possesses a distinct personality, to be guarded as jealously as that of an old and valued friend.

With rough walls, tiled floors and wrought iron accessories the refectory table is in perfect accord

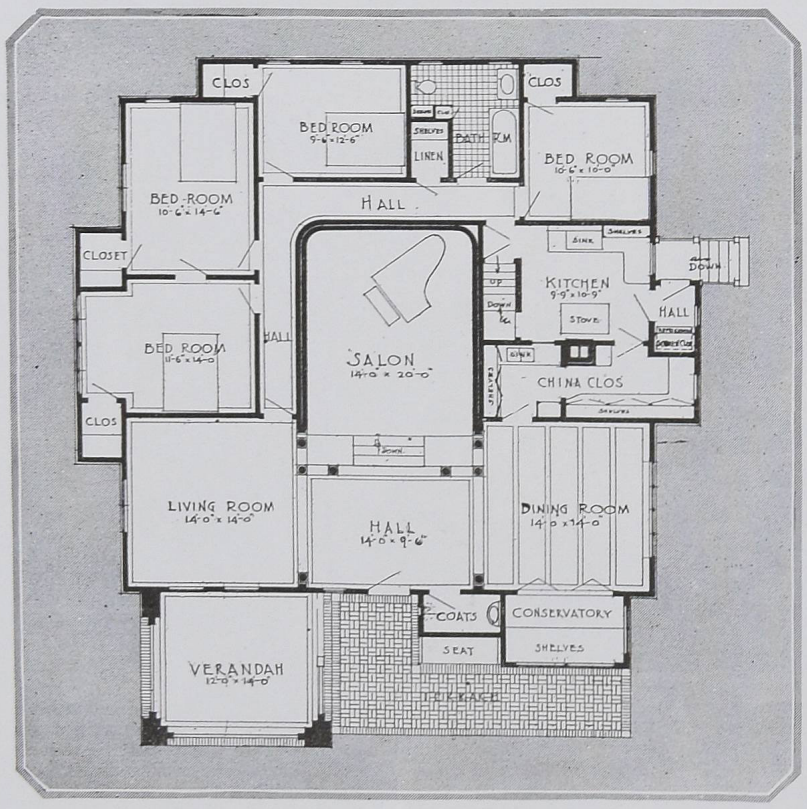
The Italian feeling is perfectly preserved in this dining room with its long table and leather upholstered chairs

The exterior shows a clever adaptation of the bungalow idea to a structure containing interior features usually possible only in a full sized house. The walls, floors and ceilings are insulated with seaweed, resulting in winter warmth and summer coolness

A BUNGALOW *with a* REAL SALON

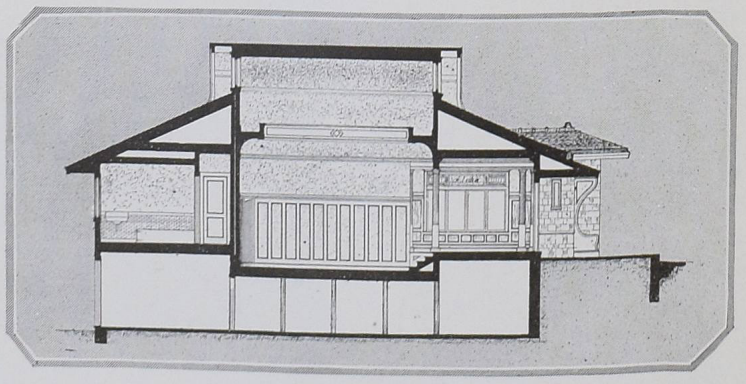
The Home of Miss Dai Buell, Pianist, at Newton Center, Massachusetts

Designed by William L. Church, Esq.



The plan is arranged around the music room, which carries through to the roof. A single hallway serves the bathroom and all the bedrooms, making for practical living convenience and economy of space

The unusual height of the music room permits a balcony below the peak windows. This height has been secured partly by sinking the floor below the ground level. The walls are perfectly deadened



THE YOUNGER GENERATION

One could go shopping with one's mother feeling every inch a lady in this coat of deep rose crêpe de Chine smocked at back and front and on the top and bottom of the sleeves. Pearl buttons do it up demurely, and soft white China silk lines it throughout. The hat with the rolled-up brim is of peanut straw bound and trimmed attractively in rose wool yarn

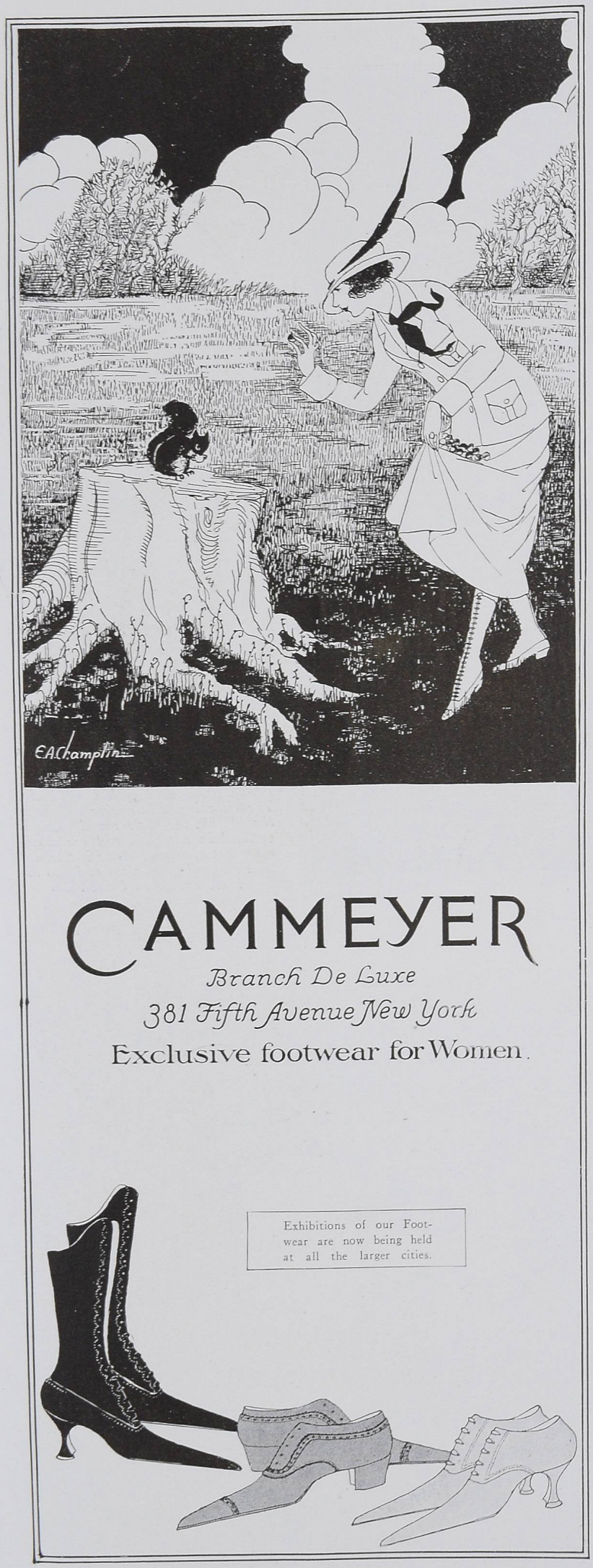
Charlotte Fairchild

Madame Toni, a Belgian and an expert in smocks, knows just how to make green chambray into a quaint slip-on frock laced with black braid. The smocking is in darker colours in thread silk, the little round collar is outlined in stitching, and the mushroom hat of peanut straw is trimmed with loops of green yarn and two adventurous green bumblebees

MODELS FROM TONI TOGS

You'd know from her coiffure that she wasn't Aunt Isabel Pennington dressed for her first party fifty years ago, but you'd never know it from her frock of soft figured challis in pale yellow marked in dull coloured flowers, ruffled quaintly at neck and wrist, and made over really truly pantalets finished with many narrow pleated ruffles. Need one add that she wears white stockings and black sandals?

For bringing up the deputy sub-deb in the way she should go gardening, few things would be more effective than pale yellow Japanese crêpe smocked at a deep yoke-line in silk threads to match. The predestined hat to go with it is of white Panama straw trimmed with much black velvet ribbon. The tiny sister wears tobacco brown crêpe with collar and cuffs of white crêpe. Her wee bloomers may be of brown or white varying with the enthusiasm of her gardening. Her hat of peanut straw shows a fringe of bright yellow wool with appliqué woollen flowers at the very front



CAMMEYER

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Exclusive footwear for Women.

Exhibitions of our Footwear are now being held at all the larger cities.

White

Alberta Burton is the lovely somnambulist who takes the audience into so many intimate complications in "She Walked in Her Sleep"

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 70*)

the end, and this restriction is indeed unusual; but full-length plays have been already written in the past with fewer characters than four. For instance, there is the almost classical example of "Le Pardon," by Jules Lemaître, which employed only three characters.

In "Under Orders," the four characters are depicted by only two actors, each of whom is called upon to "double" the rôles of two people supposed to look alike. But this device of "doubling," which has been successfully employed in countless plays —like "The Lyons Mail" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," for example — can scarcely be regarded as a "novelty."

The basic pattern of "Under Orders" has been traditional in the theatre for at least two thousand years. The Roman comic author, Plautus, wrote a celebrated farce (based, very probably, upon a Greek original), in which he exhibited one pair of twins who looked alike and another pair of twins who looked alike, and developed his plot by exploiting the various permutations of mistaken identity made possible by this presupposition. Fifteen hundred years later, Shakespeare repeated this pattern of Plautus in "The Comedy of Errors," and thereby made it familiar to the modern world. Since then, of course, it has been used repeatedly as the starting-point for many farces and for many melodramas. In "Under Orders" it appears once more:—and the manager requests us to regard the play as "a dramatic novelty"!

Despite its popularity throughout so long a time as twenty centuries, this particular formula of Plautus has always been open to the objection that it is both artificial and incredible. It is very difficult to believe that any concentrated passage of experience can enfold two different people, each of whom is accompanied by a double who resembles him so closely that it is all but impossible to distinguish one twin from the other. But this traditional difficulty has actually been increased in the conditions precedent to the present play. First of all, we are invited to believe in the existence of a pair of twin sisters, of American origin, who still look and talk alike in middle age, though one of them has been living in England for twenty-five years as the wife and widow of an Englishman and the other has been living in Germany as the widow of a Prussian, and no communication of any kind has passed between them throughout this quarter of a century. Then, in the second place, we are asked to believe that each of these sisters has a son, and that these unacquainted cousins look and talk alike,—despite the fact that their fathers came from different nations, different races, and different stations in society. A personal resemblance between two such widely separated cousins, which is still so strong that their own mothers find it difficult to tell them apart is a very tall order for a playwright to ask from the credulity of the public.

Yet there is, of course, a convenient tradition of the theatre that a dramatist may base his play upon an impossible posture of circumstances, provided that his subsequent conduct of the plot shall be developed reasonably from the premises conceded to him; and the author of this melodrama has made good use of this time-honoured privilege. In the first act, a young American Captain, Arthur Ford, takes leave of his mother in England and goes to the front. The second act is set in Germany. Ford has been captured in battle, but has managed to escape from his prison-camp. He makes his way into an unguarded residence, and encounters a woman who looks and talks exactly like his mother. This, of course, is his long-lost aunt; and she accepts him as her unknown nephew. She aids him to continue his escape by lending him a German uniform that belongs to her own son, — Captain Hartzmann of the Imperial Guards. After Ford has run away, Captain Hartzmann appears upon the stage; and the audience is permitted to perceive that he resembles his cousin very closely, both in looks and in speech.

The third act takes us back to the home of Mrs. Ford in England, where we witness an affectionate reunion between Captain Ford and his mother. But, little by little, as the act proceeds, Mrs. Ford becomes uneasy; and, when at last her boy sits nonchalantly at the piano and plays a difficult piece, she suddenly turns and asks him how, despite a previous ignorance of music that had been absolute, he has found time, in the trenches and the prison-camp, to become a virtuoso at this instrument. By this dramatic gesture, the audience is suddenly

(*Continued on page 97*)

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 96*)

informed that the man at the piano is not really Captain Ford, but his cousin, Captain Hartzmann, who has come to England as a German spy. Hartzmann quickly tells his aunt that her own son is being held in Berlin as a hostage, and that Arthur will be executed at the end of three months unless Hartzmann returns safely from his mission in that time. This announcement afflicts Mrs. Ford with that conflict of emotions which constitutes the very stuff of drama; but, after a short, sharp, personal struggle, she decides to decree the doom of her own son by delivering her nephew into the custody of the military police. This scene, though artificial in its basis, is humanly appealing in its content; and it is so irresistibly effective that it establishes the success of the play.

At the end of the story, Arthur Ford really manages to get away from Berlin and comes home to his mother. An unimpeded exposition of the tale of his escape would be anti-climacteric and undramatic; and the author has therefore adopted the rather clever expedient of assuming that Mrs. Ford is now demented —because of the agony through which the audience has seen her pass in the course of the preceding act—and that her son is required, in consequence, to repeat to her, again and yet again, an already twice-told tale.

"Under Orders," despite a prevalent opinion to the contrary, was a very easy play to build; and the fact is not at all surprising that it is constructed very ably. On the other hand, the dialogue is badly written. People under stress of great emotion do not really speak the stale and stilted rhetoric that is assigned to the actors in this play.

The two rôles are represented by Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull. Miss Shannon gives a competent performance,—as might have been expected from her long experience; but the popular success of the play must be ascribed emphatically to the quite superlative performance of Mr. Hull. He should be particularly praised for refusing to accentuate unduly the difference between the two cousins that he is called upon to depict. Never before, in the course of his brief but highly credited career, has this young actor exhibited an art so clearly-reasoned, so finished, and so fine.

"A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN"

"A Very Good Young Man," by Martin Brown, is not so cleverly constructed as "Three Faces East" or "Under Orders"; but, despite its leisurely and loose development, it is a more important play than either of these melodramas. It is more important because it reveals an interest in life that is more potent than the natural interest of any playwright in the momentary traffic of the stage.

This fantastic comedy is set among the middle class of Greenpoint, — a district that is credibly reported to be situated "somewhere in Brooklyn." Pearl Hannigan, a young school-teacher, desires to marry Leroy Gumph; but she distrusts him because of his unspotted reputation as "a very good young man." She has been told by older women that all men are destined, sooner or later, to break out; and she believes their testimony that it is better for most men to have their fling before their marriage than after they have settled down. She informs her all-but-fiancé of this philosophical discovery, and refuses to marry him until he has perspired from his system the usual amount of original sin. Thereupon, this "very good young man" proceeds, against his inclination, to pick quarrels, steal money, souse himself with liquor, flirt with females, and devote a whole night to a high old time at a roadhouse,—with the predetermined purpose of proving to the heroine that he is at heart a very devil of a fellow. In the course of this unprecedented bat, he involves himself so deeply in a series of unexpected difficulties and embarrassments that the heroine decides—because of that illogic with which the female mind is cursed — to throw him over; and he is able to scramble back into the citadel of her affections only after that supreme surrender which is acknowledged when committed sins are disproportionately expiated.

Here, at the very basis of this play, we find a real idea, which is worthy of attention because it is recognizable in life and because it is still unhackneyed in the theatre. But in developing this valuable theme the author has faltered somewhat because of his neglect to make a clear decision between two inharmonious moods, —the sober mood of characterization and the more hilarious mood of caricature. His heroine and hero are drawn sincerely, as "straight" parts; but most of the environing characters are depicted with that exaggerative method which is commonly employed not by portrait-painters but cartoonists. The dissidence is shown not only in the writing but also in the acting. Wallace Eddinger and Ruth Findlay, who are called upon to portray the parts of the hero and the heroine, comport themselves quite carefully according to the key of comedy; whereas many other people in the cast — among them, Ada Lewis, Lydia Dickson, and Alan Dinehart—comport themselves, no less effectively, according to the key of farce.

The play was produced by Arthur Hopkins; and the æsthetic sense of this most original of all our stage-directors is indicated once again by the very beautiful and very simple settings, and also by the subtle expedient of silhouetting the actors against a monochromatic wall and refusing to permit them to disrupt the linear pattern by unnecessary crossings and counter-crossings of the stage. This production is peculiarly interesting because it exhibits the artistic efficacy of Mr. Hopkins' methods to the propagation of a mood of merriment that verges on hilarity.

But more significant still, as a point for recognition, is the promise shown by Martin Brown in this first play of his to reach the footlights. Mr. Brown has long been known to the theatre-going public as a clever actor and a beautiful dancer. His acrobatic dancing subjected his heart to so severe a strain that, after several seasons, his physicians summarily insisted that he must retire from the stage. By this edict, Martin Brown was relegated to the situation of a man with his occupation gone. He resolved to try his hand at writing plays; and "A Very Good Young Man" is the first fruit of this new endeavour. His many friends have every reason to be proud of this result; for, despite its manifest defects, "A Very Good Young Man" can not be dismissed as a dancer's play, nor even as an actor's play, but must be regarded as a genuinely worthy work by a veritable author.

"WHY WORRY?"

"Why Worry?", by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, resembles "A Very Good Young Man" in several superficial aspects. In each play, for instance, an entire act is set in a cabaret, made noisy by a jazz-band and a quartette of singing waiters. Both plays, moreover, base their humourous appeal upon the continuous use of the Dogberry type of dialogue, which, in each piece, is employed to caricature the crude manners of the lower middle class. But, at this point, a sharp distinction should be drawn. Though Martin Brown has dealt with vulgar people, neither his text nor the acting of it is vulgar; whereas the text and acting of "Why Worry?" are just as vulgar as the people represented. Furthermore, "A Very Good Young Man"

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SEEN *on the* STAGE

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was developed from an idea; but this piece by Messrs. Glass and Goodman discloses no inherent reason for its writing except the noisy laughter which it noisily evokes.

The creator of the ever-delectable Potash and Perlmutter has once again displayed his cleverness in rendering a Yiddish-American version of the mind and speech of Mrs. Malaprop. This time, the chief purveyors of the dialogue—instead of being two male partners in the cloak and suit business—are two female partners in a Second Avenue restaurant. They exchange this restaurant for a roadhouse at Larchmont; and, in consequence of this expedient, Mr. Glass is enabled to continue the same kind of dialogue in a new stage-setting.

The piece has a plot, which, presumably, was supplied by the industrious Mr. Goodman. More in sorrow than in anger, the reviewer is required to report that it deals with the nefarious activities of German spies in the Yiddish circles of Second Avenue and Larchmont. Before the final curtain falls, the central figure in the gang of dangerous enemy aliens suddenly throws off a cloak and reveals himself in the uniform of an American captain, thereby "surprising" the audience with the sudden information that he has really been acting all along as an agent of the Intelligence Department of the United States. When deciding to employ this climax for their play, the authors must have been informed, by their own Intelligence Department, that their offering would be attended mainly by the non-theatre-going public.

One of the Yiddish waitresses is played by Fanny Brice,—with many rollings of the eyes and hikings of the hips. In the second act, the progress of the plot is interrupted—to its manifest advantage—in order to allow Miss Brice to sing a couple of songs. She "puts them over" most effectively. This lady is endowed with plenty of vim and "pep," and all those other vivid qualities which are more esteemed—in the tiny region of Broadway—than the serenity of art. After all, —Why Worry?

"LIGHTNIN'"

It is not yet too early to predict that "Lightnin'," by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon, will enjoy the longest and most profitable run of all the new plays, of the current season, produced in New York before the first of September. It appeals to the public with the same sort of material, and the same degree of craftsmanship, displayed in previous years by Mr. Smith in such pieces as "The Fortune Hunter" and "Turn to the Right". The idea and the story of the present piece was supplied by Mr. Bacon; and it is not surprising, therefore, that "Lightnin'" should reveal the earmarks of what is ordinarily called an "actor's play." This is only another way of saying that the situations are familiar and that the best effects have been used many times before to earn the plaudits of the public.

The only reason why the plot of "Lightnin'," together with the sure theatrical effect of nearly all its most emphatic situations, can not rightly be described as dusty is that they have been employed so often in the past that the dust of ages has been allowed no leisure to accumulate upon them. But the piece is made genuinely worthy by the sincere writing of Mr. Smith and the sincere acting of Mr. Bacon. After all, the surest road to success in the theatre is to adopt a traditional project and to surprise the audience by treating it more truthfully than it has been treated ordinarily in the past.

Mr. Bacon's status as an author remains a little problematical, because "Lightnin'" resembles so very closely, in both mood and manner, the previous plays of his collaborator; but his status as an actor is no longer to be questioned. His performance of the shiftless, self-deceiving, drunken, canny, and ingratiating hero of this play is imagined with a reticence that is veritably beautiful, and is executed with the finest art.

"SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"

Among the many projects of the theatre that rarely fail to call forth plaudits from an easily forgetful public is the traditional pattern for a Palais Royal farce, which was formulated in France more than half a century ago. The project runs as follows:—First, imagine two innocent young husbands who are married to two jealous wives; second, imagine an innocent young woman who may be detected by these jealous wives in a series of situations that may appear to be compromising to the conjugal honour of their thoroughly well-meaning husbands; third, mix and stir.

The only new invention required of an author who sets out to re-employ this ancient project is a fairly novel motive for getting the innocent girl, decreed to be the cause of all the complications, into the bedroom of one or the other of the blameless husbands. This requirement has been adequately met by Mark Swan in "She Walked in Her Sleep."

The scene of this farce is set in a New York hotel. We are asked to assume that the heroine has a habit of walking in her sleep, and wandering into neighboring apartments, clad only in her "nightie," and clinging to strange gentlemen, and rapturously hailing them (while still immersed in sleep) as her affianced lover. Granted this rather novel starting-point, the possibilities for the development of a Palais Royal farce become easily apparent.

The practised co-author of "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath," a previous play which followed the same pattern, has made the most of this traditional material and has written a piece that is unquestionably entertaining. "She Walked in Her Sleep" is adequately acted and competently produced.

"HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT"

"He Didn't Want To Do It" represents the first venture of the versatile George Broadhurst into the difficult domain of musical comedy. On the whole, he has acquitted himself remarkably well in this new field of endeavour. The piece is founded on a farce, composed by Mr. Broadhurst in collaboration with Walter Hackett, which has already been exhibited in London but has never been shown in New York. It is to be assumed that the plot of "He Didn't Want To Do It" has been borrowed from this pre-existent farce; but this plot is the weakest feature of the present entertainment. It has to do with the theft and counter-theft of certain famous emeralds (or a set of very clever imitations of the beautiful originals); but nobody "in front" cares anything about these jewels, and the plot which traces their transference successively from hand to hand is so complicated that it soon becomes obscure.

Every now and then, however, the progress of the plot is held up by a song, which has nothing to do with the action and is merely introduced by an easy "music cue"; but these songs are worthy, in themselves, of the price of admission. The "lyrics" of Mr. Broadhurst are more than usually clever; and the music of Silvio Hein is genuinely charming and irresistibly alluring. Mr. Hein has long been known as an able composer; but he has never before done anything so good as his settings for the incidental songs of "He Didn't Want To Do It."

"EVERYTHING"

Charles Dillingham's new presentation at the Hippodrome is entitled "Everything"; and this comprehensive title is justified by the variety and the vastness of the present programme,—which was

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devised by the inventive mind of R. H. Burnside. It is difficult to single out for special praise any of the fifteen different "things" that are exhibited during the course of the current entertainment; but perhaps the most unexpected feature is a scene at a country circus in which De Wolf Hopper displays an unforeseen agility and nimbleness as a commander of performing elephants.

Mr. Hopper, in various disguises, appears in several other scenes and employs his unusually well-placed voice—both for speaking and for singing—to fill the farthest reaches of the spacious auditorium. The utterly unique Houdini wriggles out of a straight-jacket while suspended, head downward, half a hundred feet in the air; Bert Levy draws his quick cartoons, which are projected, in the very process of their composition, on a screen that magnifies them many times; the acrobatic Gaudsmiths share laurels with their acrobatic dogs; and "Tom Brown's Clown Band" repeats the popularity that it has earned in previous years.

The only thing that may be looked upon as lacking in the present show at the Hippodrome is some element of supreme and perfect beauty, such as has been furnished in the past by the dancing of Pavlowa, the ice-skating of Charlotte, or the diving of Annette Kellerman. The water-stage is not employed at all. The most lovely features of the present entertainment are an imaginative ballet, entitled "The Beginning of the World" (which was painted by Mark Lawson); a fantastic processional, called "In Lampland" (also painted by Mark Lawson); and a roller-skating spectacle, entitled "Somewhere in the Gay City" (for which the tasteful scenery and costumes were designed by Robert McQuinn). But the gigantic final pageant, which bears the title of "The Hall of History," was marred, to the considerative mind,— despite its manifest magnificence,—by an excessive waving of flags and an over-obvious appeal to the responsive sentiment of patriotism.

Some of the songs were written by John L. Golden; the most of the music has been composed by Lieutenant John Philip Sousa and Sergeant Irving Berlin. The orchestra is directed, very ably, by William M. Daly,—a young artist who deserves a greater measure of public recognition than has thus far been given him.

"WHERE POPPIES BLOOM"

"Where Poppies Bloom," by Roi Cooper Megrue, is an American version of a war-play by the clever Belgian craftsman, Henri Kistemaekers. In its present state, it discloses too clearly its composite origin. Many of its passages reveal the serious intention of the original author, and many other passages exploit the humourous and annotative comments of the American adapter.

The basic project of the Belgian author was cleverly selected to appeal to the high-strung mind of a Latin audience; but this project loses most of its significance when delivered before the very different mind of the theatre-going public of Broadway. A French captain loves a patriotic French woman, who considers herself to be a widow. She has been wedded—so long ago as 1910—to a German; but her husband had been naturalized as a citizen of France before 1914 and had gone to the front with the French army when the first call to the colours came. Marianne (the heroine) had been officially informed of his death in battle, and had developed her love for René (the hero) after receiving the report of her husband's death. Suddenly, at a crucial moment in the progress of the Battle of the Somme, her German husband reappears (not dead at all, but very much alive) as a Prussian spy within the lines of the French. His own wife apprehends him, and delivers him into the custody of the French captain who happens to be her lover. Thereupon, the German spy brings forth the point of honour that his captor can not easily annul the triangular situation by consigning a personal rival to a quick and ready death before a firing-squad. This psychological dilemma is very interesting to the minds of the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, or any other people who are ready always to fight duels to decide a delicate point of honour; but the American audience says "Shoot him before sunrise!", as soon as the revelation has been made that the man at the source of the question is a German spy.

Mr. Megrue has embroidered this recital with many humourous and commentative passages, which are delivered more than adequately by such popular performers as the very British Percival Knight and the very American Will Deming; but the piece, regarded as a melodrama, is very much too talky. Whenever the action approaches the desired point of theatrical excitement, one of the characters sits down and tells at length the story of his life.

The leading parts are played very ably by Marjorie Rambeau, Lewis S. Stone, and Pedro de Cordoba; but the piece itself is wabbly in its project and produces a scattered impression on the audience.

PATRIOTIC REFLECTIONS

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and glass of this period also made use of tricoloured motifs. Tricoloured garlands and rosettes, appliqués in tricolour, lent a sort of dignified gaiety to the simple classic lines that distinguished the art of the Directoire from the more ornate decoration of the Empire.

It is from charming bits of Directoire ornament that our patriotic decoration of to-day is derived. The great charm of crystal-clear glass combined with glass in lovely shades of tricolour is illustrated by the covered compote of modern Venetian glass, made by the glass-blowers on the Island of Murano, after a Directoire design. Clear white glass with that charming irregularity that characterizes blown glass forms the compote, while plumes of blue and rose curl from the cover.

The Directoire bowl of white opaque glass was designed by Guy Arnoux. Garlands of bright blue leaves—a blue that is almost green—are caught in festoons by red roses, and the rim of the bowl is striped with tricolour.

The tall vase of opaque white glass on a standard of clear glass is striped with rose and blue, and is, strangely enough, an American antique, strongly reminiscent of the Directorate. The stripings are threaded vertically and melt into the opaque white with a lovely irregularity. The two scent bottles on either side of the vase are also American antiques.

The original of the tall flaring vase of clear aquamarine blue glass, blown into a swirl and mounted on a curiously twisted base in peppermint stripes over an aquamarine blue base, is in the museum at Murano.

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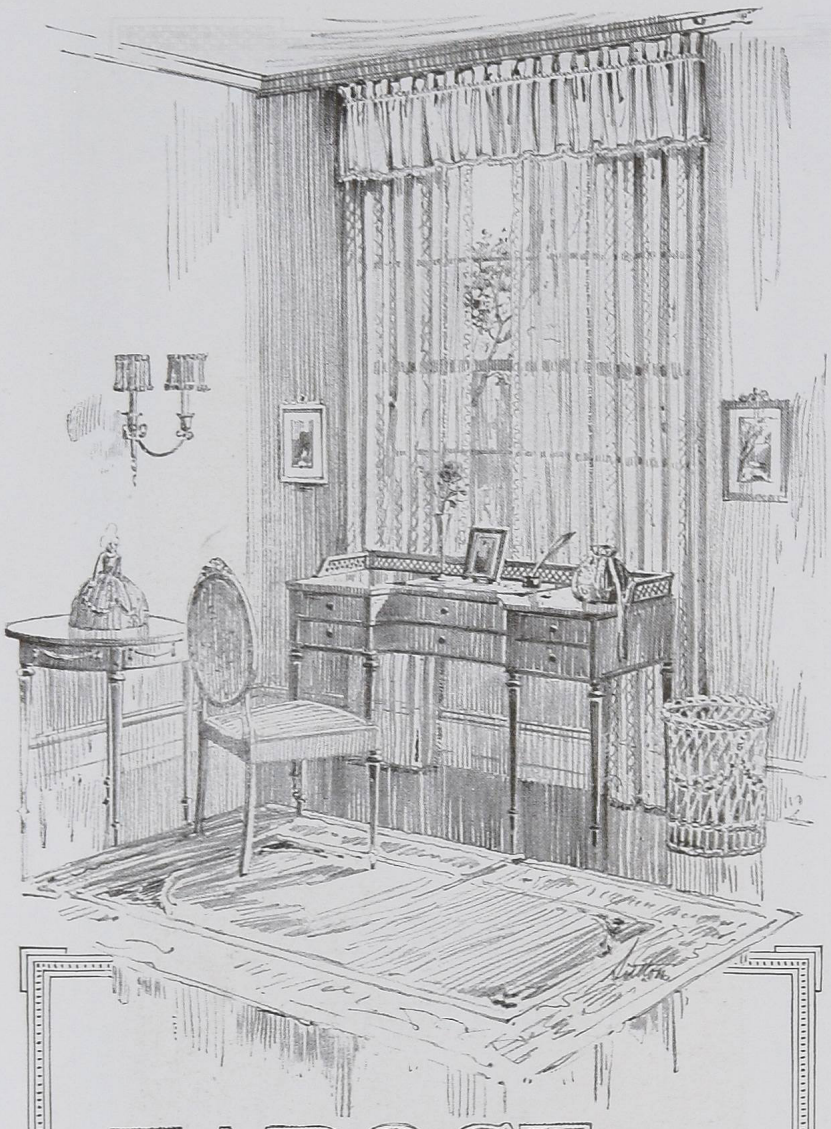

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WITH JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES IN THE Y.

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Nothing that London can do is too good for the Americans. The new Y.M.C.A. club for American officers is in St. James Square, by invitation of the owners of the houses surrounding it. The very centre of the historic place is left intact, but from this centre radiate buildings much in the fashion of the spokes of a wheel.

The Eagle Hut, operated by the Y.M.C.A. for American enlisted men with "Blighty Leave," as Tommy Atkins would call it, and also for American soldiers and sailors en route to the front via England, is built on the Strand opposite Somerset House and on the site of the old Drury Lane Theatre. Beside the five hundred beds, the restaurant capable of serving a thousand men at once, the big concert hall with its five fireplaces, the billiard tables, the shower baths, and the dozens of other things that a man needs whatever his nationality, there are two requisites to purely American happiness that one might search London many weeks without finding—good coffee in limitless quantities, and, rarer still, a really truly soda water fountain. Imagine the joy of Mickey from Eight' Avena' of the Fighting Sixty-Ninth!

THE LIGHT OF MICKEY'S EYES

Mickey wants to see the city, too. Without the Y.M.C.A. he might sit in Trafalgar Square and not know it. But by means of the "Y's" free sight-seeing parties, Mickey will be Baedekered into education. After he's read the home papers at the Eagle Hut, following his trip, after he's written to his friends on the "Y's" free writing-paper, and had his dinner at Army canteen prices, he can have his choice as to whether he makes American music on the gramophone, listens to an American lecture or concert at the Hut, or goes to a show, rounding out a day worthy of leave itself by a little supper at Ciro's with some American woman who has passed the official censor.

These American women are the light of Mickey's eyes. The Y.M.C.A. began by giving him a club house and an athletic meet in America. It followed him to England and shook out its Star Spangled Banner against grey London skies. Then it went over to France to manage the Army Post Exchange for him, to provide him with everything from razors to religion, to entertain him in rest billets and hospitals, to give him canteens in every spot where he needed them and didn't expect them to be. And everywhere the Y.M.C.A. went, it took its women's auxiliary along, with charming uniforms and cheerful smiles. General Pershing estimated that sixty women a month would be needed to supply the canteens, but so far, owing chiefly to transportation difficulties, it hasn't always been possible to send this number, although the Canteen Department has been deluged with applicants, suitable and unsuitable. Many women, otherwise qualified, have to be rejected on the ground of their having relatives in the American Army, at home or abroad. General Pershing has insisted on this rule being inflexibly observed.

Mrs. Lewis Slade and her staff of volunteer workers in New York have toiled day and night in the effort to outfit last-minute ladies with canteen workers' trousseaux, to keep track of all sailings from all ports, and cajole recalcitrant steamship companies into taking unexpected passengers. Arrived in Paris, the women are turned over to Miss Gertrude Ely of Bryn Mawr and Miss Martha McCook who, by the way, is a member of an American family well represented in war work; her two sisters are Mrs. John Junius Morgan and Mrs. Peter Jay, wife of the Secretary to the American ambassador at Rome. Miss McCook's cousin, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, junior, was one of the pioneer American Y.M.C.A. workers, as was Mrs. Vincent Astor who still conducts, at Bordeaux, a canteen which is similar to the Eagle Hut in London.

Theoretically, the Paris office keeps a supply of canteen workers neatly filed for reference until the Y.M.C.A. men at the front send in requests for them. In reality, however, there are never enough to supply the demand, and all little mothers and sisters of the Army who reach France are immediately packed off to pass out coffee and chocolate either to our own boys in the Huts or to the no less grateful *poilus* who throng *les Foyers du Soldat*, which, being translated and expanded, signifies the American Y.M.C.A. playing brother to the French Army.

In either case, the canteen worker drops from the world as she knows it into the Middle Ages—so dated not only by reason of Hun barbarism and French chivalry, but on account of the sanitation and the living arrangements in the villages.

"There is little or no plumbing to speak of," as Winthrop Ames of "America's Over There Theatre League," explained to some friends whom he hoped to interest in entertaining the soldiers, "and what there is had better not be spoken about. It's a common saying in the Army that the ideal marriage would be one between a French cook and an American plumber."

And yet, despite the fact that the canteen worker becomes one of a team of three or four women in charge of a Hut frequented by from three to four thousand men, despite the fact that she serves anywhere up to fourteen hours behind a counter, and sleeps in a wooden cupboard, she is quite ready to pay all her own expenses for the privilege of enduring these and other more primitive hardships, not with philosophy, but with enthusiasm.

On the British front in France there is an American lady of seventy-five who settled down to mother her boys by the hundreds, when there was only a mad American or two who had signed on with the Canadians. Another sector thanks heaven for the ministrations of an American man and his wife and young son (the latter rejected for military service, but still bound to serve) who gave up their beautiful home in England three years ago to do the work of labourers and servants. There is a Cambridge professor, too, whose wife went with him to the fringe of the fire zone. He gives popular lectures to the boys in rest billets while Mrs. Professor writes letters for them and sews on buttons. Both of them eat the food of navvies and live the lives of saints, as becomes members of the vanguard of American volunteer war workers.

WHEN THE ESTAMINET REFORMED

The mere presence of a woman in this waste desolate country means something—a woman who knows and understands, a woman who speaks a fellow's own language and comes, like as not, from a fellow's own state. Over and over again when the canteen worker smiles across her counter and asks some loitering boy if she can do anything for him, he just flushes a bit and says, "No—oh no. I just wanted to hear you talk."

But a woman isn't always immediately canonized by the assembled Army merely because she is a woman. Sometimes she has to "prove up" in the eyes of some mighty cynical men who think that she's going to be a spoil sport wherever she goes.

There's one little canteen, representative of ever so many more, a converted *estaminet*, overhanging one of the most dramatically famous rivers in France. Its front is painted bright green. On the river side hangs a huge Red Triangle,

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WITH JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES IN THE Y.

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and from the windows one can see a vista of tiny houses with their feet in the current, houses with little balconies, and filagree iron work, and wee-paned glasses, and curved roofs. Along the banks, women spread the laundry of uncounted Sammies on the worn stones, and over all leans the forget-me-not sky of old France of the troubadours.

SERVING FRANCE WITH A SCRUBBING BRUSH

Before the Y.M.C.A. took over the *estaminet* it was the abomination of desolation overlaid with a century of grime. The walls and the ceilings, originally cream, were black. The kitchen was black too, stove polish black, well-greased. The upstairs rooms, each opened with a twelve inch key, were full of the accumulated wreckage, the sooted cobwebs, the sordid ghosts of years. There were secret closets everywhere. A big bare room at the rear, its windows covered with black cloth, announced itself as the village concert hall. It was in reality the "after hours joint", according to Sammy, where anything that the police were not to see was staged out of the line of observation. It had pink woodwork, blue striped wall-paper that hung down in mouldy strips, and the general air of a leering old crone who was past redemption and thanked heaven for it.

The Y.M.C.A. went through it one morning—three women and one man. Five minutes later they bought it.

When the party came out, there were some soldiers in the roadway, representatives of the thousand or more quartered in the village.

"Has the Y.M.C.A. got this place?" said one of them.

"Yes."

"Aw—hell!"

This was a bit discouraging.

"Why—er—hell?" one of the ladies asked.

"That was one swell café," was the answer. "You could get eggs and a drink in there any time, day or night."

Reforming the *estaminet* had looked like a whole spring offensive in itself. But this thing would be harder—showing Mickey that cleanliness didn't mean unfriendliness; that the "Kindly Kwit Kussing" sign so frequently hoisted by the "Y" didn't mean gloom; above all, that the presence of women didn't necessarily take all the mustard out of one's sandwich.

There was one paper-hanger in the village. He was sixty years old, and his assistant was twelve. The "Y" man went to Paris to buy paper and paint; the decorators started scraping the half dozen coats of ancient wall covering from the *grande salle* which was to be the officers' new club room; the three women, with a detail of three soldiers, started in to clean the house.

Possibly some eager-eyed patriot who reads these words may be interested to discover that one often serves France best with a scrubbing brush these days. Our three canteen workers had pails of automobile soap. They dug down with their hands, they smeared the soap on bad places, they lathered it with a stiff brush, they washed it off with a sponge. Then they began and did it all over again. And the ceiling had to be similarly treated. It may have been easy for Joan of Arc to maintain her rapt and heavenward gaze, but she wasn't standing on the top of a step ladder, in imminent danger of a rush of soap to the eye.

True, there were supposed to be the three soldiers. But as a rule they just weren't. Sometimes the authorities needed them; sometimes they thought they needed themselves. To hire Frenchwomen was impossible, for why should one forsake the worn stone washboard when one was rapidly becoming a multimillionaire by its aid? So the three American women did most of the cleaning. One of them, aided by a cavalry boy from the West, spent an afternoon in the loft, varnishing twenty-four chairs. There were windows to wash, too; there was paint to put on; there were long lists of things to get in Paris, the greatest of which was a cook. Providence sent a Belgian, late of East Forty-fourth Street, New York, who could not only deify an egg by at least twenty-four methods, but could speak all the necessary languages including that international lingua franca in which one deals with dishonest tradespeople.

At last it was all finished—three weeks' work, Union hours not considered. Brilliant acetylene lights in the soldiers' canteen were reflected from the spotless cream coloured walls and from the seven huge gilt-framed mirrors of old *estaminet* days. Turkey red curtains hid the windows from prying aeroplanes. Posters and maps flared everywhere. Little tables with games were scattered around, and the stove in the middle roared with friendliness. An open door showed the white kitchen with its glistening pots. Another door revealed the writing-room with brown walls and old-gold at the windows and two hundred books in the case. The officers' room was in tan with black moldings and curtains of old-blue. There was a piano and—no returned man will believe it—that piano was in tune. There were writing-desks and little tables for chocolate, and a cheery coal fire, and plenty of space, and three weary but triumphant waitresses with two volunteer assistants, ready for business.

OPENED AT LAST

Half an hour before the doors opened, a crowd was blocking the streets. They were stamping, they were cheering, they were singing. No, it wasn't the Star Spangled Banner. It was "What the hell do we care?" but it was meant as a tentative compliment.

At last the piano inside struck up, "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag", and to the strains of it the crowd jammed in. They nearly pulled the door off its hinges; they did break the front window by sheer weight of wanting to get in quicker; they filled the tables; they commandeered the piano; they nearly upset the counter; they bought everything in sight; and, between cheers, they ate it up.

"This," said a boy, one fated spokesman for a thousand, "this is the most homelike place I've been in since I left the States."

The girl to whom he said it was serving him coffee. Her hands were roughened and cracked and a bit stiff from unaccustomed toil. Her feet were unspeakably tired. Her back ached so that she didn't dare think about it . . .

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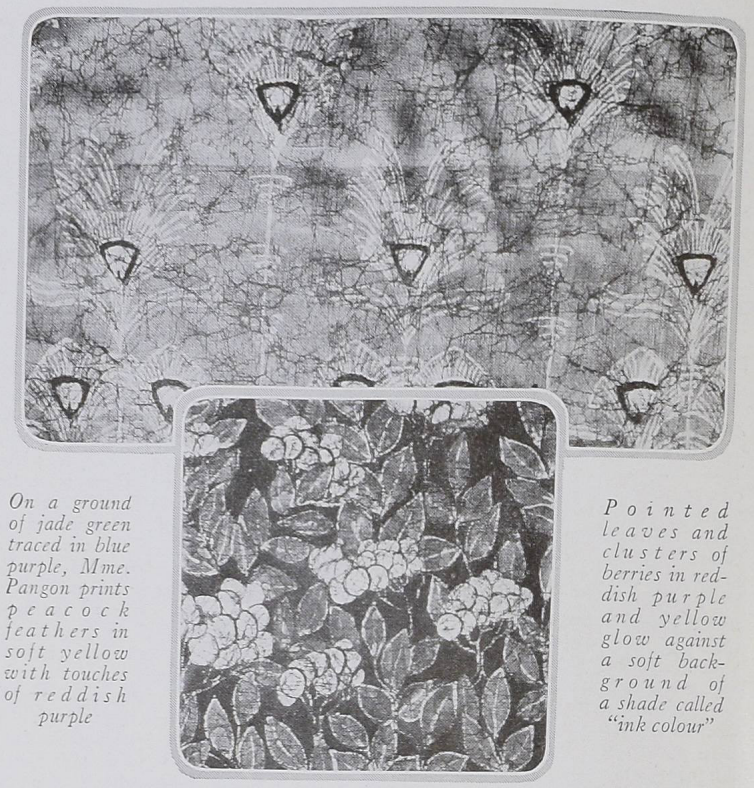
AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET
New York

Boston — Newport — Paris



On a ground of jade green traced in blue purple, Mme. Pangon prints peacock feathers in soft yellow with touches of reddish purple

Pointed leaves and clusters of berries in reddish purple and yellow glow against a soft background of a shade called "ink colour"

THE NEW NOTE IN FASHION

(*Continued from page 75*)

a richness and an individuality which makes them very interesting. Of course, such materials are not adapted to all kinds of dress. Their real field is in the house gowns, tea-gowns, light burnouses, and scarfs, which are destined to be worn in the intimacy of one's own home. Those women who look well in artistic clothes which are draped on classic lines will welcome the introduction of batik into France. We have had bead and silk embroideries, materials painted by hand by great masters and those not so great; we have had strange weaves and combinations of weaves in several tones, all interesting novelties which charmed us for a while. But in my opinion, batik is the most permanently successful of all these so-called "art" materials, and I think we shall inevitably return to it.

This process of decoration comes from Java, where it is still in use, although it is very old indeed. In the fifteenth century the Chinese applied it to dress materials, and it is this application which is most interesting to us. It has all the charm of hand-work and the relief from the monotonous regularity of the machine-printed fabric which gives us such pleasure in the work of an artist. The process is capable of wide variety; any material may be batiked, and all colours and combination of colours may be used, which leaves the field open to those enemies of the banal who love to have things designed especially for them. The patterns designed in Java were very varied and beautiful, but when the order came from royalty, special ones were worked out by the artists, and any one who can pay for it may have the privilege of royalty to-day. We have worn with pleasure the dresses painted by the great Venetian, Fortuny, and those who liked them and looked well in them will welcome the batik materials for the same reasons.

The illustrations on this page give two examples of the work of Madame Pangon. One is a design of peacock feathers on a ground of jade green. Over the entire surface is the characteristic tracery in blue purple, and the feather itself is printed, if one may use that term, in a soft yellow with touches of a reddish purple which blends with the other purple. The other design is in red purple and yellow on a groundwork of a dull shade which has been called ink colour. Pointed leaves and clusters of berries are indicated with a fine tracery of the background colour over all. Other interesting combinations worked out by Madame Pangon are of French blue and orange with white, or shades of magenta with deep blue purple and white.

Batik is not only adapted to clothes, but serves admirably for the cushions of all shapes and sizes which are in vogue at present. Its designs, coming from the Orient and improved by French taste, can surely be trusted to take the place of those various experiments in similar decoration which we have had from Munich and from Vienna. These bright colour combinations, often on a black ground, were popular for a while before the war, but can scarcely hope for a revival after it. Their derivation makes that impossible.

For the tea-table or breakfast tray there are covers made by this process on toile de soie or linen. At the present time we are using a great deal of faïence, both old and new, on our tables, and the batik cloths make an excellent accompaniment for it.

Madame Pangon adapts her process to innumerable uses. Some interesting things have been done with kid and leather. She shows us batiked slippers to harmonize with the costume, for those who like all details of their attire to be in keeping. She has worked out some interesting linings for fur coats. These materials give a rich effect to these sumptuous garments.

More important than all else, Madame Pangon has found here a means of giving employment to the crippled soldiers who are put to great straights to discover new ways of earning a livelihood. For the more delicate operation of putting the wax on the material she employs specially trained young girls, but the soldiers can then place the colours, and many of them have become very expert at this delightful work. The inspiration and interest of hand-work has long been realized by educators, and these men who are regaining some degree of health after their great sacrifices find in such work a far greater opportunity than the deadening and monotonous tending of a machine, which, in their weak state, is apt to be depressing in its effect. Here is an additional reason, if one were wanting, to induce women to patronize this artistic work.

J. R. F.

MAKING THEM THINK IN CHORUS

(*Continued from page 67*)

The man's voice dropped and he leaned still further forward.

"Paper the walls of Congress," he said. "Paper the Senate — paper the White House — with parchment. Then give it out that every man, woman, and child who buys a bond will have his or her name inscribed on the walls for all posterity to see!"

"But," said the Buffer, "had you thought of how much paper it would take —and whether it would last—and how the names would get there—and——"

"Pooh!" said the man grandly, "that, sir, is work for a stenographer. I have supplied you with the Idea. Isn't that enough?"

Mr. Fougner has a telephone arranged so he doesn't have to hold the receiver to his ear. This is the authors', poets', and song writers' special, for the Buffer has to listen to new words for everything from Old Hundred to Tipperary, over the long distance wire. Some of the would-be helpers, however, don't trust to any such slipshod methods with their masterpieces. An enemy alien might overhear and pre-copyright. They come in person.

Many poets, however, lack dramatic vision and send their effusions by mail. Of such was the man who indited three long typewritten pages of appeal to, "Men, Ladies, and Spenders." Of such, too, was Virginia Farrington, of Delhi, N. Y. Virginia was ten years old. She wrote her poem in pencil herself. It has just one verse, but the conclusion is warranted to catch any bond-slacker extant:

"Through the morning mists, smoke, and fire
The soldiers came through the barb wire
On, on they came though many dropped
On, on, on, and never stopped
Then they went through a river and pond
If you can't do that, buy a Liberty Bond!"

THE EGOIST AT LARGE

The Buffer meets many a press agent, avowed or in disguise. There was the man who came in with a wonderful spectacle under his arm—a fifteen thousand dollar spectacle all pictured in colour on an immense roll of drawing board. No stage was big enough for it but the Hippodrome. On the left we had the tenors, all sailors; on the right, the bassos, all soldiers; in the centre, the civilians, all girls. There were four altars at the back —first, second, third, fourth Liberty Loans.

"But," said the Buffer gently. "What about that little square in the very middle? What happens there?"

"Oh—there," said the man, hesitating just the fraction of a second. "Why—er—that's where I come out and sing my song."

And yet the very fact that the egoist realizes that a fifteen thousand dollar spectacle is not beyond the bounds of Liberty Loan possibility—the very fact that Virginia, and the elderly poet, are looking Loanwards—to say nothing of the very fact of the Rainbow Division and its hundred and fifty stunt-devising trades—all these very facts together prove that the Publicity Committee has done what it set out to do in making the Second Federal Reserve District think in chorus. We may admire our national advertising genius, or we may regret it, but —for better, for worse—it's there. We could no more manage a drive in the English manner than we could relish tea for breakfast. What's more, we, as an American people, can't even want to.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

That the siren and calliope method can lead a Loan to victory has been already proved. That it must be backed up by what is technically known as "reason why copy" is equally certain. To this end the Publicity Committee is getting out booklets for speakers and writers, compiled by Mr. Frank A. Regan from the most exact Government data available, telling in short, vivid paragraphs "Where the Money Goes" and "What Each Liberty Bond Will Buy." Here we learn that a Fifty Dollar Bond will pay the United States war bill for one tenth of a second—an argument which would doubtless appeal to Master Dickie Doe, of the Scouts—that it will provide knives, forks, and spoons for a company—which is a fact presented for the benefit of Mrs. Joanna Doe who has the true home-maker's instinct — that it will save one thousand men from smallpox by paying for the vaccine, or will bandage one hundred and sixty wounds — which Miss Dorothy Doe would love to do in person —that it will buy one thousand rifle cartridges, or ten hand grenades, or one six-inch shell and the powder to fire it at a U-boat—this last being frankly meant for the ears of John Doe, senior, who is an extra-draft-age fire eater.

There are nine pages in the book, leading up, through the Hundred Dollar Bond that buys T. N. T. for the bursting of a fourteen-inch shell, the Three Hundred Dollar Bond that will buy an X-ray outfit for a hospital, the Thousand Dollar Bond that stands for a torpedo, a baby tank, or three fully equipped fifty-bed hospital wards, up to the final flowering of a Million Dollar Bond whose purchaser can have his own little barrage, or pay the cost of the whole war for half an hour. All through, the arguments are just as cunningly divided between the members of the typical American family who will each want a flock of bonds to carry out private and personal schemes at the front.

But before the family will stop at all to hear the hoarse-voiced man in the big car standing up and telling them these things, it will be necessary that the little bob-haired movie queen—or the trick dog —or the Metropolitan Opera star—climb up on the hood of the car and sing, or say, or look something patriotic and arresting.

GOING INTO ACTION WITH THE PIPES

It is quite useless to quarrel with human nature. The need for the appeal to the emotions and the sensations, before, after, and during the appeal to reason, is buried deep in the popular bosom, whether said bosom be covered with a two dollar blouse or a string of medals. And we Americans are not the only ones to respond to it. Even the Scotch, you know, can't think of going into action without the pipes.

Style No. 7345. Handsome Georgette gown for afternoon and dress occasions. Cluster tucking and elaborate beading give the touch of smartness that individualizes. Silk lined throughout. Back of entire dress embroidered to match front. Note the new double sleeve.

BLACK is a very supple "color",—a color of many moods and many meanings. It can be at once aloof and alluring, daring and dignified. It can be haughty. It can be meek. It can lend toward an easy flowing grace of carriage. Or it can express a quiet restful poise.

Whether for social or mourning wear, the Blackshire label singularizes all that is perfect and appropriate in black apparel.

Write for your copy of the Blackshire "Style Story," and be sure to send us the name of your favorite shop.

Blackshire

The Perfect Black Apparel

THE HOUSE OF BLACK
112-114-116 Madison Ave., N.Y. City
Wholesale Only

GOETZ
All Silk Satin

A gown of Goetz* Satin has a soft lustre, a beauty that makes it suitable for afternoon or evening wear and a quiet dignity which makes it appropriate for shopping and business.

Its rich, solid colors make attractive and serviceable suit blouses, and chic separate skirts.

Ask for Goetz Satin—you'll see the name woven in white in the selvage. Ask for it too, in ready-to-wear clothes—it is so absolutely dependable. Always specify Goetz Satin in your suit linings.

GOETZ SILK MFG. CO.
*"Gets" New York

NEW YORK COMES BACK *to* TOWN

(*Continued from page 59*)

haired, possessed of astonishing length of limb, a trifle ornate, like an overglorious flower. You can not mistake the manikin. She neither looks nor acts exactly like any one else. Her hair is just a little more perfectly coiffed than any one's hair really ought to be, her skin is a little more exquisitely pink and white, or a little more transparently pale. Her clothes fit her better than it seems possible for clothes to fit, and her feet are more slender and delicately arched than any other feet which tread the Avenue. If the day is warm she is apt to be smothered in furs up to her neck; if it is chill her gown is apt to be cut to a surpassing lowness. She may be dark or she may be fair, she may be young or of an æsthetic silver-haired maturity—recently there has been a distinct vogue for silver-haired manikins—, but always she is slender and long limbed, and always she is supremely conscious of her superiority over other mortals. At just this season of the year the manikins blossom out in force upon Fifth Avenue, and from them one may gain some valuable hints about the new things in autumn clothes.

Miss Katharine Porter wore a wrap of cream coloured point lace over a simple gown of geranium satin

SOME NEW SMART COSTUMES

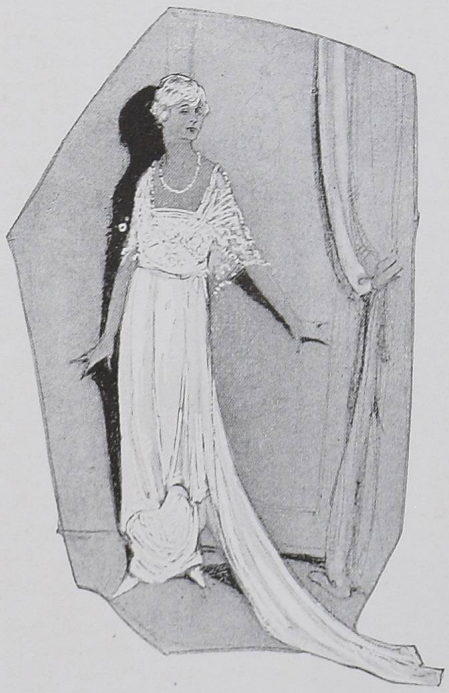
Now and then, too, one sees an interesting gown or an accessory of dress which hints of a coming mode, worn by smart people who have just returned to town. Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce, for instance, wore recently at dinner a black velvet gown with a deep lace cape collar, of much distinction and originality, and upon one of those lingering warm evenings Miss Katharine Porter threw over the geranium coloured satin gown which she wore at the Ritz a long cape of cream coloured point-lace which was exceedingly lovely. Her gown was simplicity itself, devoid of ornament and gaining its effectiveness from its lovely and arresting tone. Quite unusual were her silver slippers with toes made of a black and silver brocade which accentuated their slenderness.

Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram is wearing a gown trimmed with soutache embroidery—a forecast of a new autumn fashion. It is dark blue, and the back is made particularly graceful by a loose panel marked all over with an intricate design of dull gold soutache. One of the smartest hats seen recently about town is sketched in the middle on this page. It is worn by an exquisite white-haired woman of thirty or thereabouts who sets it atilt on her shining coiffure in such a way that the curling black feathers almost touch her shoulder on one side. The effect is very striking.

Curling black feathers droop from this smart hat

A PICTURESQUE WEDDING

Possibly because of the size of the American Army in France there has been a falling off in the number of weddings of late. One unusually picturesque wedding, however, has taken place very recently. It was the first wedding to be held at the Naval Training Station at Pelham Bay, and the bride was Miss M. Grace Franklin, the daughter of Commander Franklin, in charge of the station, while the groom was Lieutenant William Murray Black, junior. The wedding took place in the Officers' Club which was decorated with garden flowers, and all of the time honoured customs in regard to Naval weddings were observed. After the reception, the bride and groom passed under the crossed swords of twenty Naval officers, and supper was served on the lawn, which had been hung with Allied flags and Japanese lanterns with pennants and signal flags which spelled out in the international code, "Good luck." The bride's only attendant was little Lillian Kent, the daughter of Mrs. George Kent, who wore a delightful little frock of the palest pink net and a turned-down hat of the same delicate shade set becomingly on her bobbed hair.



Isabel Irving lends charm to the second act of "She Walked In Her Sleep" by means of a graceful gown of white satin and silver lace with cape-like drapery and a long square train

America Has Surprised Germany

(*Continued from page 85*)

GERMANY treated the United States as of no more importance, as a neutral, than any of the other neutral countries. What she did not see was that, with the entrance of America into the war, neutrality, in theory and practice, would become a dead letter. As long as we were out of the war, we were strong enough to insist on the right of any neutral to trade with another without interference from any of the belligerents. In consequence great quantities of supplies found their way into Europe, and were then carried into Germany. But now that we are actually at war, the blockade has become complete. It is no longer possible to import non-contraband goods from America into Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland to be passed on to the Central Powers. There is no longer any difference of opinion on the subject of blockade between the United States and Great Britain.

THE fact that we have absolute control over the fuel supply on this side of the Atlantic had made it possible for us to regulate the shipping activities of all South America. All the resources of this hemisphere are at the disposal of the Allies, first and foremost, for the purpose of winning the war.

It is true that we allow some shipments of food to Scandinavia, but it is only for humanitarian reasons. The northern countries are only permitted to have what is absolutely necessary to keep them going, whereas, they were in a position, before the war, to serve Germany by selling her their surplus—at a very great profit. It is because we have cut off Germany from supplies from South America—going by way of northern Europe—that Germany had to look to Serbia, Roumania and Russia, whom she has brought under her control—for her surplus supplies. From all accounts the result has not at all justified her expectations in these quarters.

It is solely as a result of our entrance into the war that Spain is now wavering in her neutrality. So are Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. And all this is in spite of the fact that their reigning houses are related to the Germans by marriage and blood.

AMERICA has contributed to the cause of the Allies, men, money and blood. But she has also, in a hundred ways, helped the morale of France, England, Italy and the rest. The American Red Cross is everywhere. The Y. M. C. A. organization, like the K. of C. organization, is everywhere; with the result that the entire spiritual tone of the Allied soldiers has been bettered. This was another thing that Germany failed to think of.

But the bitterest thing in store for Germany lies in her growing realization of the energy and courage of our soldiers—three million of whom will, in the spring, be armed and ready to destroy her.

VOGUE POINTS

AN interesting detail of many of the new autumn street dresses is the absence of any touch of white about the neck. Several seasons ago the large collar of sheer white or cream coloured material was a feature of every wool or silk frock. Gradually the collars diminished in size until last year they were reduced to mere turn-overs or slightly wider cowl collars. This year the collar has entirely disappeared on many of the smartest wool and velvet street dresses. The fashion is a somewhat trying one, especially if a woman is not very young, but dresses of this kind are worn almost exclusively on the street and invariably with some sort of fur which, if carefully chosen, provides the necessary softness.

THE tendency towards extreme narrowness at the skirt bottom which one notes in many of the new frocks calls for distinct ingenuity on the part of the designer if the wearer of the frock is to have any freedom of motion. One of the simplest and most practical arrangements for securing a narrow hem line in a skirt which has a tunic is to arrange the excessive width into an inverted box pleat at the back, catching it securely at a point midway between the knees and the ankles and then pressing the pleat down flat. When the wearer is standing the skirt assumes a very slim narrow line, when walking the pleats spread out so that there is plenty of room for the step, and when seated there is enough fulness at the knees to prevent the skirt riding up.

A NEW shade which one sees in a number of the most recent autumn models is called henna brown. This is a very warm tone of the mahogany series. It is particularly lovely in satin, as in this material it lights up beautifully. It is distinctly a colour for a brunette, and should not be attempted by a blonde without careful consideration.

THE plainness of the neck-line on many of the autumn dresses has created a distinct vogue for medallions and pendant ornaments of various kinds which are suspended about the neck. Usually these are worn on either a black ribbon or a black cord. The woman who is so fortunate as to possess an old locket of some kind will find it most effective worn in this way. There are, however, a number of modern imitations of old things which are very attractive. There is, for instance, a new tortoise-shell oval locket about two or two and a half inches at its greatest diameter. This is very good looking and may be had for a reasonable price. In the selection of an ornament of this kind the greatest care should be exercised, for an over-elaborate or obtrusively modern ornament is far worse than nothing.

THERE is a tendency to brocade all sorts of materials with velvet. Satins, chiffons, radiums, and marquisettes, are all shown with designs in self or contrasting colours, failles are embroidered with velvet stripes. One of the most lovely of the recently imported French materials is an exceedingly supple gold and white brocade which has a design in a warm cream coloured velvet worked all over its surface.

WHITE angora is one of the most popular of new Paris trimmings. It is used for collar and cuffs on many smart frocks and suits, and many other costumes are embroidered with it.

The Letter that came from India

THE writer is a titled Englishwoman whose husband is an English cavalry officer in India. She began using CREME ELCAYA, the non-greasy, disappearing toilet cream, over in England, and was having it sent to her from London. Then the war came along and cut off shipments, so she sent us a letter all the way from the other side of the world to see if she could get CREME ELCAYA from headquarters. It took several months, but she got it, as you'll see by this letter.

"Saugor Club, C. P., India,
November 23rd, 1917.

"Dear Sir:

"I received yesterday the CREME ELCAYA, which I am most grateful to be able to get again. I have used it since it was first introduced in England, and my skin is really very nice. People out here wonder how I keep my skin so very clear and healthy.

"Could you not get some agents out here, as ladies are so keen on getting it? I am sure you would have an immense sale, as it only wants one using for ladies to know how really good it is. Yours faithfully,

The Hon. Mrs. R. T. F. R. T. F."
c/o Lieut. T. F., Saugor,
Central Province, India.

Don't you suppose I enjoy letters like that?

They seem to tell us that all these charming women have found in CREME ELCAYA just what we hoped they would, a certain pleasure, comfort, satisfaction, because it has helped each one of them to continue to be that loveliest of all things, a woman good to look at, well-groomed, beautiful-skinned, no matter what country of the world she happens to live in.

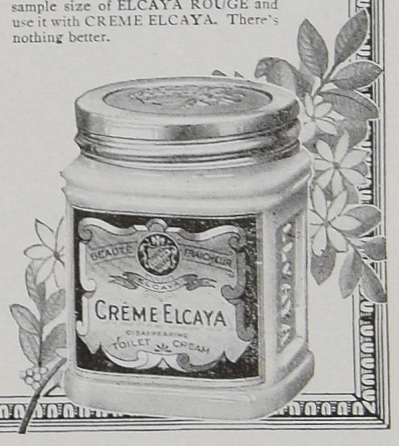
I don't have to tell *you* about CREME ELCAYA. *You* are one of the home folks and you *know*. But I do want to remind you, in case you may have forgotten or grown a bit careless about your skin, that there is still this simple old formula for beauty which these other women find never fails them. It is not even a "beauty secret," but just common sense—

Always use CREME ELCAYA before you put on your face powder

A little Creme Elcaya rubbed gently into the skin; then if you need color, a little good Rouge spread carefully over the cheeks before the Cream is quite dry; and after that your Face Powder over all.

The effect is more attractive than you will believe until you try it. Even your eyes will seem brighter, and your skin will *keep* that glowing, all-alive look until you wash it off or cleanse it away with cold cream.

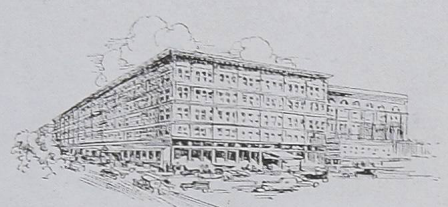
We want you to learn the easy way to have a skin like velvet. Send 10c. in a letter marked Department "M" to the address below and obtain a trial package containing CREME ELCAYA — the non-greasy, skin-refining toilet cream— and a miniature box of ELCAYA COMPLEXION POWDER. If you need color, send an additional 10c. for a sample size of ELCAYA ROUGE and use it with CREME ELCAYA. There's nothing better.



JAMES C. CRANE
Sole Agent
148 Madison Avenue New York

MacLEAN, BENN & NELSON, Ltd.
Montreal, Agents for Canada.

© James C. Crane, 1918



LOESER'S

A Store of Sound Taste

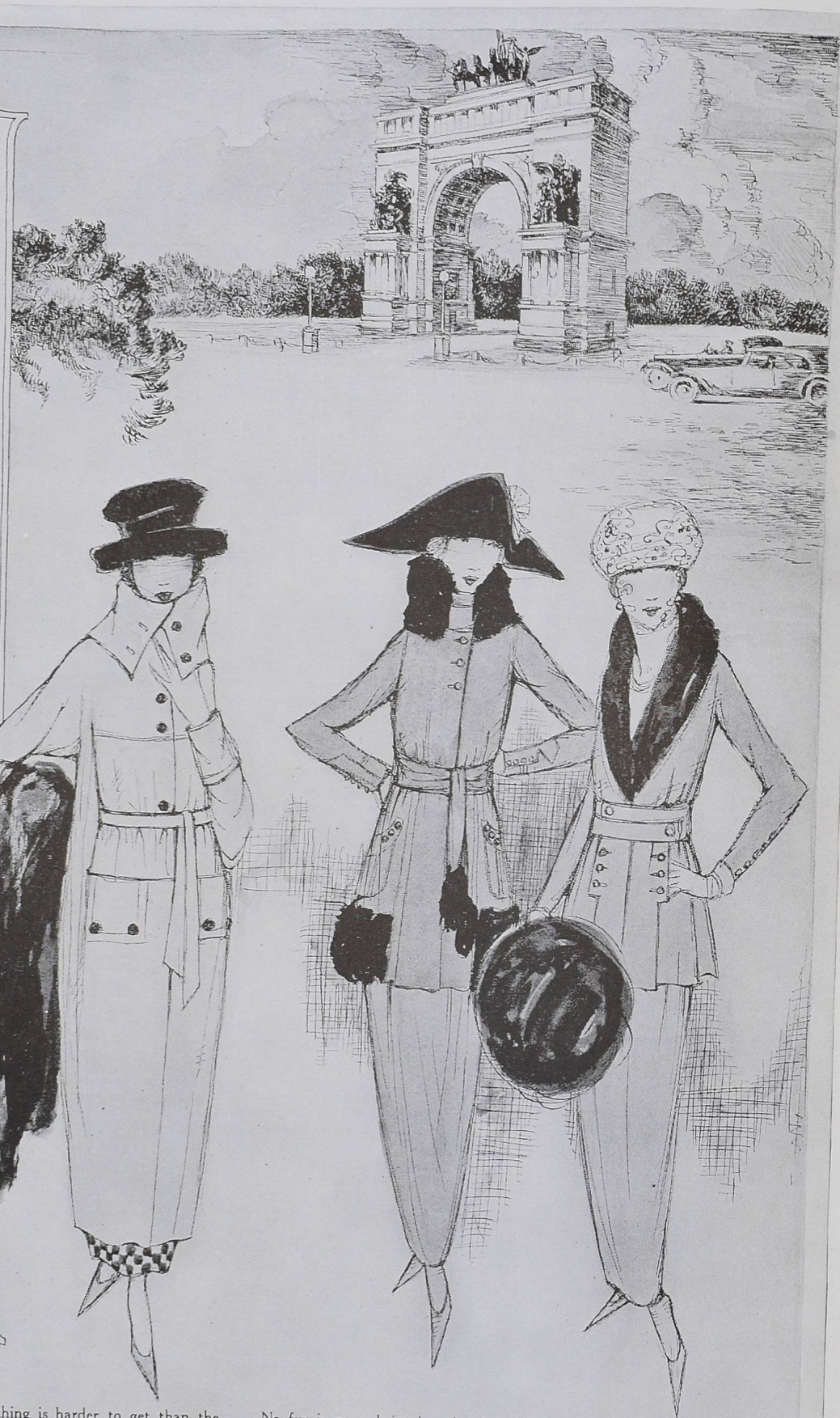
THERE are stores — a small and select number indeed—where the sole problem of patrons is *selection*.

No question as to style arises. The styles in those stores will be *right*.

Through decades of contact, of intimate relations with those whose taste guides the majority, these stores choose with unerring feeling, with sure confidence the fashions that will be *right*. The experience of generations has formed their taste. Their judgment can seldom go wrong.

In this rare class of stores Loeser's has no unimportant place. For sixty years it has been a store favored by a clientele that confers distinction. And to a great degree their soundness of taste, the *style-sense* that so few possess, has become an inseparable part of Loeser service and the Loeser Store.

That is the sound basis of the confidence which has so long been accorded to this store. The styles that Loeser's select will be *right*.



The models illustrated sent to any address.

Nothing is harder to get than the good-looking top coat. This one in Madura brown velours has a loose back of most unusual line, and a narrow, belted front, tying with sash ends. The coat is lined throughout with Pussy Willow. The model also comes in fawn, Algerian red, mustard brown, Russian green, taupe, and Delphine blue. *$59.50*

No fur is more becoming close to one's face than Hudson seal with its wonderful color and its velvet softness. This clever little suit makes use of it for high convertible collar, and trimming bands to finish the loose side panels so often seen in the new models for Winter. Of Duvet de Laine in taupe, Delphine blue, Russian green, navy blue, mole, brown and black. *$89.50*

If a woman is not born slim, then 1918 thrusts slimness upon her. This suit in taupe silvertone with double belted front, cunningly cut peplum panels, and long tapering collar of Hudson seal makes one glad of the opportunity to experiment in silhouettes. Other colors are wistaria, and sable brown in silvertone, and, in Duvet de Laine, black, Delphine blue, navy blue, and plum. *$69.50*

PARIS
NOTTINGHAM

Frederick Loeser & Co. INC.
BROOKLYN - NEW YORK
Established 1860

CALAIS
ST. GALL

FLATO STUDIO

Plume Brand

QUALITY LINGERIE

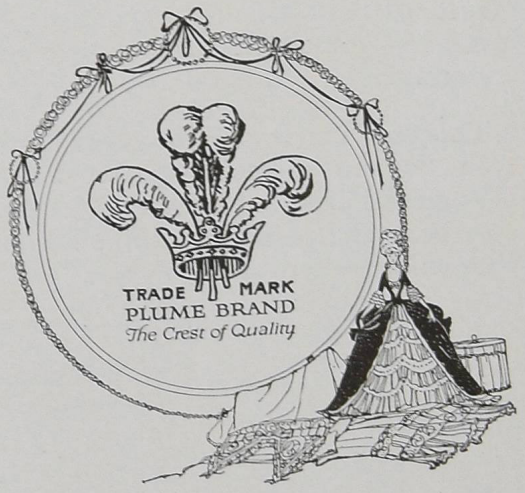
The "Plume Brand" Label is your assurance of Inborn Worth backed by the outward evidence of Original Style.

Many of the beautiful "Plume Brand" models, shown at better shops, are made from our specially woven cotton and silk fabric creations. Little touches of make and finish—add to their richness and charm.

"Plume Brand" Undergarments, though luxurious in looks, are not costly—and "Miss Phoebe Plume" personally guarantees your entire satisfaction.

Insist upon the Label in the garments you buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name. We will see that you are cared for.

M. MARTIN & COMPANY
The House of Fresh Ideas in Lingerie for Women, Misses & Children
Dept. V Martin Bldg., 102 Madison Ave., N. Y.



Fresh from Paris, new Autumn models, in Vogue's

Paris Openings Number

DATED OCTOBER 15th

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

In all these four years of war, Vogue has never been separated from Paris. Never an issue of Vogue but has brought its readers the minutest details of just how the Parisienne has maintained her chic—maintained it in spite of the constantly dwindling supply of fabric and fingers—maintained it by sheer artistry and supreme courage.

This year, once more, the great Paris houses have carried on "quand même". From their formal openings, Vogue's Paris staff has chosen the very choicest models, to be sketched and described in the next—the Paris Openings—number of Vogue.

The mode, this season, depends not so much on change of silhouette as upon unexpected combinations of materials, new fabrics—lionceau, toison d'or,—novel uses of fur and embroidery and braid, and a delicate skilfulness of design that combines freshness of mode with conservation of material.

There will be pictured and described in the Paris Openings Number of Vogue designs from Chéruit, Callot, Worth, Paquin, Doucet, Doeuillet, Premet, Jenny, Lanvin, Georgette, Martial et Armand—the houses which finally determine the mode. Direct from the hands of Vogue's Paris staff, this showing cannot be equalled anywhere in America.

19 WEST 44th STREET **VOGUE** NEW YORK CITY

35 cents a copy

Condé Nast, Publisher
Edna Woolman Chase, Editor
Heyworth Campbell, Art Director

$5 a year

Reserve your copy of this most important autumn number at the newsstand now

All the charms and moods of Autumn find perfect expression in the new designs and colorings of

MALLINSON'S PUSSY WILLOW SILK

REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

This wonderful fabric has attained the distinction of the "National silk of International fame." PUSSY WILLOW is the silk inimitable.

Its individuality is its own. It is truly the silk of sensible economy. It costs a little more but it's worth a whole lot more and is guaranteed for two seasons' wear. There is but one genuine PUSSY WILLOW. Look for the name on the selvage or for the label on the garment.

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY INC.

THE NEW SILKS FIRST

MADISON AVENUE - 31st STREET - NEW YORK

Ask at the better stores for

MALLINSON'S
Silks de Luxe

Pussy Willow
Indestructible Voile
Satin Duvetyn
Will o' the Wisp
Orkid-Tissu
Kashmere-Kloth
Roshanara Crepe
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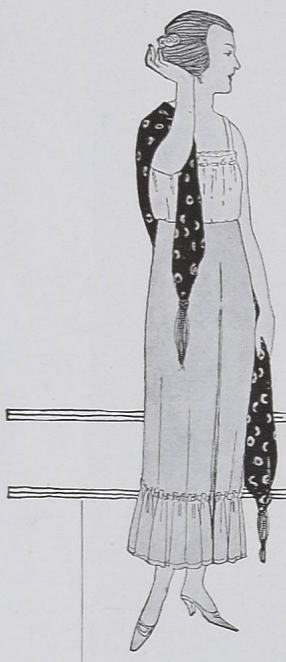
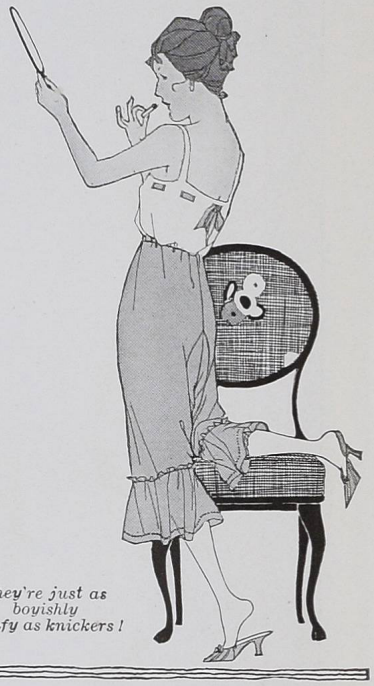
All trade mark names

Vanity Fair Pettibocker



They're just as femininely frilly as petticoats!



They're just as boyishly comfy as knickers!

SINCE we're not permitted even a tiny curve at the hip—not the slightest suspicion of a wrinkle nor ripple to mar the "six-o'clock" silhouette—the Pettibocker is a life-saver! It's so soft and slimpsy, you'd never know you had it on! The elastic just below the knee keeps it in place and you escape the annoyance of an "up-rising" silk petticoat. From its elastic waistband to its dainty hemstitched ruffle, the Pettibocker gives a clean-cut silken line!

You'll want a Pettibocker for your tailored suit—you can choose from the season's best colors. And for evening wear, there's a shell pink and a pure white! The silk itself is like all Vanity Fair glove-silk—luxuriously heavy and lustrous. You just can't wear it out!

"Vanity Fair" is the name to remember no matter what you want in undersilks. There's the Plus-4-Inch Vest that adds forty-times-four-inches to your comfort—there's the Step-In Envelope that boasts of "never a snap nor button"; the Sure-lap Union that stays closed because it's cut that way, and the Double-Back Knicker that defies the rubbing of the corset to wear it out!

The better shops all carry Vanity Fair—if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, write us direct.

SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Undersilks and Silk Gloves

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

Insurance of Clothes Satisfaction

These five models are characteristic of the Wooltex collection for Fall and Winter which has been designed and made from a thorough understanding of the present day needs of the well dressed American woman.

The collection is now being shown exclusively by "The Store That Sells Wooltex" in one thousand cities.

Smart, dependable coats and suits of this character may be purchased at $35.00, $40.00, $45.00, $50.00 and upwards, each one maintaining the same high standards of style and quality that have come to be synonymous with the name "Wooltex."

Wooltex customers appreciate that the insurance of clothes satisfaction which goes with the purchase of a Wooltex coat or suit is today absolutely essential.

2060—above, proves that a coat can be at one time simple, practical and very smart. It is being shown in many colors, including such new shades as Pekin, sable, ermite and lapin, and in two of the most successful fabrics of the season, Bure coating and velour de Kashmir, the first of which is ideal for motoring or traveling, the other being more suited to dress wear.

5025—at the lower left, is one of those very smart tailored suits of crisp long lines that best typify the well dressed American woman. Its genuine popularity causes it to be offered in three smart woolen materials, silvertone velour, duvet de laine, and velour de laine and in all of the desirable colors of the season.

2050—above, shows a discreet military touch in the horizontal trimming, the rows of buttons front and back, the unique scarf-like collar and the cuffs. It has a loose back and convenient pockets, and is a notably smart coat in a season when coats are sharing the popularity of suits.

5060—in the center, expresses successfully the fashion tendencies of the season and adapts itself to any daytime occasion. Duvet de laine in soft shades and nutria fur makes the attractive combination in which it is shown.

5000—at the lower right, is an excellent choice for either town or country, and is a not too severe type of tailored suit effective in the mixed tweeds or plain colored worsted suitings in which it has been made.

The Fall and Winter number of "The Tailored Woman" is now being distributed by "The Store That Sells Wooltex" in each city. It is full of the newest fashions in clothes and accessories.

If you have difficulty in securing a copy, write directly to the H. Black Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and a copy will immediately be mailed to you free of charge.

The H. Black Co
MAKERS OF WOOLTEX COATS AND SUITS FOR YOUNG WOMEN

NEW YORK CLEVELAND

IT IS A WISE PRECAUTION
on the part of every purchaser of Sterling Silverware to look carefully for the Lion, the Anchor and the letter "G" the

GORHAM
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which on account of the established reputation of Gorham Sterling Silverware adds value of its own to any article upon which it is placed

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is sold by Leading Jewelers Everywhere and bears this Trade-Mark

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NEW YORK
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The Smiling Face of Purity

SHE smiles at you from each San-Tox package, the purity sentinel of your toilet needs. She is lending a gracious toilet refinement to many delicate and charming preparations—each for some definite toilet use.

She is improving the texture of many harshening skins and refining the bloom in many pink, young cheeks.

She is fragrancing deliciously the owner of *any* San-Tox toilet purity—whether through the medium of the familiar San-Tox toilet preparations or those of the new San-Tox Enchantment preparations, described and pictured here.

You will appreciate this "San-Tox for Purity" symbol on the 125 San-Tox preparations, which, by the way, are mostly other-than-toilet preparations.

You will rely upon it in many, many emergencies when a visit to the druggist seems necessary.

SAN-TOX for PURITY
De Pree Chicago

San-Tox Enchantment Complexion Powder
A softness, a bloom, a fragrance to the skin

San-Tox Enchantment Talcum Powder
A powder-breath of cool skin-comfort

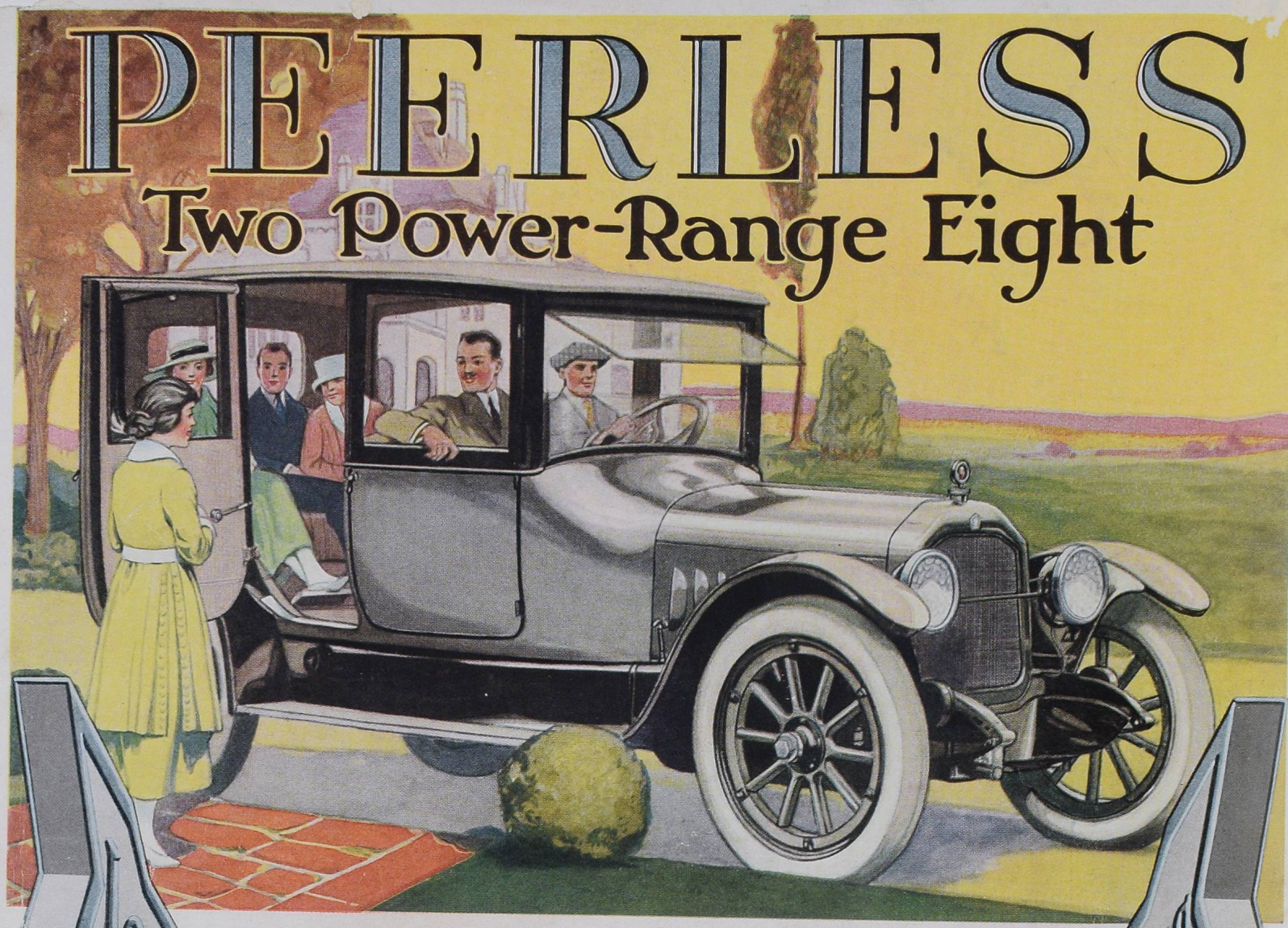
San-Tox Enchantment Complexion Cream
Velvets the skin to the sight and touch

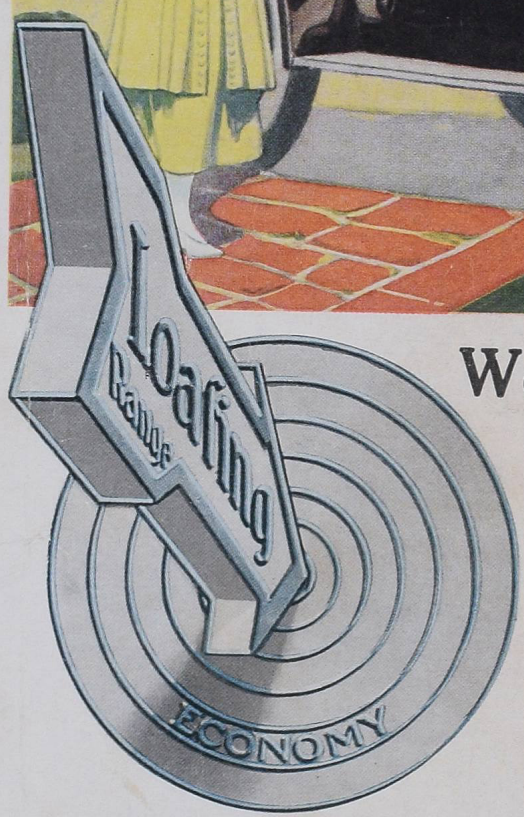
San-Tox Enchantment Toilet Water
More than a fragrance—a refinement

San-Tox

PEERLESS

Two Power-Range Eight





Week-Days—Week-Ends

A car for work-days that will loaf smoothly in tight places and spurt into openings—a car with which you can out-maneuver the rest in traffic-driving—but a car that you may use freely with true economy—that's the Peerless Eight in its "Loafing" range.

A car for week-ends and holidays that will level the steepest grades and let time laugh at distance—a car that relishes a speed brush, power contest or endurance test with anything built—that's the Peerless Eight in its "sporting" range.

The "Loafing" Range

Entirely within its "loafing" range of power, the Peerless Eight will romp through the average day's work.

Operating steadily and smoothly on half rations, it is exceptionally sparing in its consumption of fuel. Its eight-cylinder eighty horsepower motor will shame many a lesser powered six—even many a four—in a test for fuel economy.

The "Sporting" Range

Given the need or desire for unusual power or speed, you have only to open the throttle wider to release the double poppets—and hold your own with the class of the high-powered cars of the day.

In its "sporting" range you need fear no contender, not even those exceptional cars built especially for power and speed—without regard for the gentler virtues.

Seven Passenger Touring

$2550

Roadster $2550 — Sporting Roadster $2490

Sedan $3250 — Coupe $3050 — Limousine $3690

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland subject to change without notice

Let the Peerless dealer show you almost unbelievable contrasts in performance and economy without sacrifice—Peerless advantages.

Compare the price with cars you consider to have "class" comparable with the Peerless Eight.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

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